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MY BRIGHT BRUNETTE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY DAVID SOMERS TOWNSEND.

Oh, muse of Byron, smile upon my suit,
And bring the muses nine unto my aid;
Troll forth a love song, and the poet's lute
Shall rapt'rous thrill in praise of thee, dark maid.

Thy lustrous eyes, from 'neath their inky brows,
Like glittering stars from out the midnight sky,
Give light, by which I pledge my faithful vows,
And swear to love forever and for aye!

Dan Cupid lurks about thy dimpled cheek,
And slyly wounds me from his ambuscade;
The balm of Gilead now from thee I seek,
Nor will thou dare it me refuse, sweet maid.

Ah, dusky Venus, changed the magic power
That once a loving mortal turned to stone;
Thou hast a statue warmed to living fire,
To ceaseless burn 'till clasping thee, *his own!*

Each shon straw that crowns thy lovely head
Hath bound a lover captive to thy charms;
Each hath, in thought, thy lovely person wed—
Each hath his Lethe found in thy warm arms.

Oh, let the hand of Orpheus sweep the lyre,
In dulcet strains thy wondrous beauty sings;
Oh, glow my genius with Parnassus' fire,
And all the world shall with thy praises ring!

Thy glowing eye, thy luscious, tinted skin,
Thy bosom's swell, like sportive ocean wave,
Proclaim the am'rous fire that's hid within—
Happy sailor he who doth that tempest brave!

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 30th, 1869.

DANGEROUS GROUND;

OR, THE

THREE SISTERS OF WOOD HOUSE FARM.

CHAPTER IV.

There was a lass and she was fair,
At kirk and market to be seen;
When a' the fairest maids were met,
The fairest maid was bonny Jean.

And aye she wrought her mammie's wark,
And aye she sang sae merrilie;
The blithest bird upon the bush
Had ne'er a lightier heart than she.

But hawks will rob the tender joys
That bless the little birdwhite's nest;
And frost will blight the fairest flowers,
And love will break the soundest rest.—BURNS.

The stupefaction which had overtaken farmer Thomas Garraway increased rather than diminished. He was completely dismayed at the prospect of immediately losing his farm, to which he was much attached. He knew the capabilities of every acre. Each tree had a charm for him and he loved the pleasant river, which wound, like a silver thread, through the valley. Never had he been on friendly terms with his landlord, but he had paid his rent regularly and received as much civility from Mr. Dashwood as that gentleman's haughty nature would permit him to show to a tenant; and, thinking himself secure in his tenancy, he had made improvements on the farm and expended money which he would not have done if he had imagined for a moment that he should be capriciously turned out of his holding.

Philip Dashwood gazed upon the pallid countenance of the farmer with unconcern. He saw there astonishment and acute distress, which he could have relieved by satisfying his father's doubts. But he was capable of behaving in a contemptible way when he thought his interest required it, and he hid not scruple on this occasion to sacrifice Garraway in order to serve himself. When appealed to by his parent he preserved the same sullen silence which had surprised Garraway in the first instance, for the latter had, in his simplicity, thought Philip a gentleman, who would speak the truth at all hazards, and considered it hard indeed that he should be accused of encouraging him in his stolen visits to the farm, when he had just been reproaching him for the surreptitious attention which he paid his daughter.

"It is very evident to me," continued Mr. Merrivale Dashwood, in a tone of anger, mingled with contempt, "that my son will not speak, because if he were to do so he would criminate you. Out of high minded generosity he remains silent. That is as it should be; but I am not to be deceived. You, Garraway, have behaved in a manner I can never forgive or forget. You know that my son is fresh from college, young and susceptible. He comes to your farm and finds that your daughter has attractions for him; and you hope to entrap him into a marriage. Is this conduct worthy of you? I ask you, calmy and dispassionately, is it the way in which a tenant should act if he wishes to gain his landlord's confidence?"

This direct appeal roused farmer Thomas Garraway, who drew himself up to his full height, and, returning scorn for scorn, boldly denied that he had any intention of acting as Mr. Dashwood had alleged. His manner was respectful, though his language was vehement, as became the occasion; for when a man's honor and veracity are assailed he cannot always stay to measure the words which are necessary for him to use in his defence.

"I repeat," cried Mr. Dashwood, cutting him short, "that my son's silence is your condemnation. You are unworthy of any toleration, and I will not have such a man on my estate. Your own sense should have told you that your daughter is not fitted to be the wife of a Dashwood."

Garraway struggled with his pride for some moments, reluctant to beg for grace. Yet, smarting under a sense of injustice, and longing, if possible, to induce his landlord to recall the harsh decree of banishment which had been launched against him, he endeavored to speak; but Mr. Dashwood plainly proved his unwillingness to listen to him by putting his arm in that of Phillip's and walking quickly away. Directly afterwards the farmer felt glad that he had not humbled himself to Mr. Merrivale Dashwood. If he had done so the effort would probably have been unsuccessful, for the squire was a determined man and made it a boast that he always kept his pledged word, whatever the consequences might be.

When Mr. Dashwood and his son were confronting him, Garraway had found it difficult to collect his thoughts and put them into words. Now a hundred different things occurred to him, which he might have said with telling point and emphasis; and he was deeply annoyed for not having spoken to Mr. Dashwood in a more independent, if not passionate strain, than he had done.

He was about to turn round, re-enter the house and communicate the gloomy news to his wife, who had always dreaded a quarrel with the landlord, as they were merely tenants at will, when Fanny appeared. She had been anxiously watching the men from a window and wondered what the third gentleman who came upon the scene might have to do with the subject under discussion. It was her fervent hope that Philip and her father had parted amicably and that she had not incidentally incurred the farmer's resentment. In this expectation she was quickly undeceived, for directly Garraway saw her; and he did not notice her until she was by his side almost; he turned sharply round, as if the sight of her was displeasing to him.

"Father!" ejaculated Fanny, with tears in her eyes and an imploring look, as she caught hold of his hand, which he immediately withdrew with a roughness which cut her to the heart, so different was it from his usual treatment of her, which was uniformly kind and even fondly affectionate. "Oh! what have I done that you should treat me so?" she added, in a voice that trembled with emotion, and she again attempted to seize his hand, which he snatched away as before, with every indication of strong resentment and displeasure.

"What have you done?" replied Garraway, almost fiercely; "you have brought misery to our house. I am accused of enticing Philip Dashwood here so that he may marry you, and for that I am to be ejected from my holding. If you had been fair and open with your mother and me, my girl, and told us that you were in the habit of meeting this young fellow, we should have tried to show you the folly of your ways and nipped such a courtship in the bud. The villain! all they say of him is true. He had not the manliness to speak the truth, which might have saved me."

Fanny could only guess at what had taken place, but it was clear to her that some misfortune was about to overtake her father through her incautious and undutiful behavior in meeting Philip Dashwood without making her mother cognizant of the circumstance. She was much grieved in consequence, but thought that her father treated her with exceptional harshness, and made a reply to the effect that she did not know there was any harm in having a sweetheart.

"There is harm in having one such as he," replied the farmer. "He meant you no good; and the only bright spot I can see in our dismal future is that if we are obliged to leave the farm you will be removed from the sphere of his evil influence. Don't attempt to talk to me any more now; I'm in no humor for it. Go into the house and say your prayers, girl. You've need of forgiveness from heaven as well as me for your duplicity."

He walked on after saying this and she made no further effort to detain him. A feeling of opposition to his will grew up in her rebellious heart for the first time. Whatever the censorious world might say of Philip Dashwood, she could not forget that he had whispered words of love to her and she had listened to his honeyed accents. He had taken her inexperienced, fluttering heart captive, and when she heard him abused she felt that she loved him. The brief but acrimonious scene with her father made her sigh, as many a silly girl had sighed before her, for that independence which her rich lover had promised her. She could look through a vista of a few months and see herself in a good position, surrounded with the comforts of this life, able to exert her influence with her husband in her father's behalf, happy in the present and fearing nothing in the future.

She was so young and innocent herself that she did not believe it possible that Philip could be guilty of a falsehood when, with his face near her's and his arm around her waist, he painted glowing pictures of the happiness that awaited them both when she consented to a private marriage and became his wife.

The reason he alleged for privacy was a good one in her opinion. His father, he said, would never consent to his marrying beneath him, but when the fact was accomplished and could not be undone, he would, no doubt, relent and take them to his arms.

Fanny bit her lips and walked sulkily about the garden and in the fields till dinner time. When she entered the kitchen, where the farmer's men dined with the family, she could see that she had been the subject of conversation between her mother and her sisters, for they looked at her in a peculiar way and this made her still more angry. What right had they to regard her as if she had done something wrong? She wished Philip Dashwood was by her side, for she would there and then have gone off with him to vindicate her position and show them all what she could do. It was her custom to help Jane in taking up the dinner, but she sat down on this occasion without offering to do anything and gazed vacantly before her.

Amanda took little or no notice of her. She was always cold and indifferent. Jane, however, threw compassionate glances in her direction, the meaning of which Fanny knew well, for Jane was full of goodness of heart; but she tossed her head proudly as she reflected that, if Philip Dashwood kept his word, she would soon be a lady and then they would all admit that, by acting upon her own judgment, she had raised herself to a high position and one which reflected credit on all. She was the more determined to accept Philip's offer without delay because her father had pointed out a possibility, or, rather, a certainty, of his being turned out of his farm because he was supposed to have encouraged the clandestine visits which the son of the landlord paid to the daughter of the tenant; and she felt certain that, when she had once become a member of the Dashwood family, her influence would be sufficient to obtain the grant of any favor of which her father might stand in need.

These were the thoughts which were wildly coursing through her mind during dinner time; and when the meal was over she was unconscious that the men had departed to their labors, so pre-occupied was she. Garraway drew his chair into the chimney corner and lighted a long pipe, which he smoked in silence. Amanda retired to read a book; Jane and her mother were in the back kitchen washing up. Fanny was usually the first to run from one to the other and offer to help, but they did not call her. They had heard of what had happened and they had no wish to disturb her.

The farmer was conscious of a change in the atmosphere of his household. A frost had fallen upon it. The blithe and merry hearted girls had made the sunshine of his home and the blithest of them all was silent, if not sullen. In his inmost heart he cursed the hour when Philip Dashwood had crossed his threshold, blaming him for his daughter's despondency and wondering what the future would bring forth. Nothing but a crop of trouble he expected. There is always something exhilarating and pleasant in the society of the young, and light hearted girls are at all times the most delightful of companions. When the young are sad it seems as if nature was to blame, or civilization had gone wrong and not done its duty. Life brings cares with it as we progress, but Heaven keeps the young from the carking worries which assail those who are launched upon the stream and fight the hard battle of every day existence.

The farmer had it in his heart to go up to his darling, with whom he had been so harsh that morning, and, putting his arm around her fair neck, give her the kiss of peace and take her to his heart once more. Pity he did not act as impulse prompted him, for there came a time when he bitterly regretted shutting the gate of the fold, as it were, to the poor, shivering lamb without, behind whom the wolf was ravening and baring his merciless jaws. There are some things which a man only regrets once, and that is all his life. This was one of them. Farmer Thomas Garraway turned a deaf ear to the promptings of his better nature and determined to punish the girl by treating her coldly. If he had been kind he might have won her confidence and effected a reconciliation which would have saved her from rushing into the commission of a hasty folly, for which she had plenty of leisure to repent afterwards.

It was not to be.

Fanny looked at him once or twice almost imploringly. She would have been glad of some one to confide in. Her mother was not of a sympathetic nature, and, moreover, she could not find her alone. She and Jane were inseparable. They managed the house work together and were seldom apart. The farmer neglected the opportunity and, finding that every one, in a manner, turned their backs upon her, Fanny glided out of the room, put on her bonnet and shawl, and, gliding equally noiselessly out of the house, she walked quickly across the fields in the direction of Binnethorpe Hall.

Garraway smoked three pipes, and as he was knocking the ashes out of the third, preparatory to going round the farm buildings to see that everything was going on properly, there was a knock at the door. The latch lifted and a tall man, with dark, curling hair, entered unceremoniously. This was Mr. Hardy, the steward, who collected the rents for Mr. Merrivale Dashwood and did the business management of the estate generally. He was at all times a blunt, uncourteous man, knowing his power and presuming upon it. Without removing his hat he walked up to the fire, gave the farmer a nod and began to warm his hands before the fire without waiting for an invitation to do so. There was an unpleasant look about his face, which told Garraway that he had come on business of a disagreeable nature, and, as he was not in the humor himself to be particularly civil to any one, he waited for Hardy to speak first, which he soon did.

CHAPTER V.

So disasters come not singly,
But as if they watched and waited,
Scanning one another's motions.
When the first descends, the others
Follow, follow, gathering flock wise
Round their victim, sick and wounded,
First a shadow, then a sorrow,
Till the air is dark with anguish.—HIAWATHA.

"You'll have to leave here, Garraway," said the steward at length. "I'd got a notice for you to quit at quarter day, and as I came along I've as good as let the farm over your head to a man who will, perhaps, give you a few pounds to go out sooner, but that you can settle among yourselves. You've offended Mr. Dashwood, who never forgives either a real or fancied injury. It was not a bad scheme, though, to try to get the young squire to marry your girl—not at all a bad idea. It's a pity, for your sake, you had not better luck. I suppose a few more days would have seen it all done. They say you had the license ready."

Farmer Thomas Garraway was growing very angry all the time the steward was talking. He fidgetted uneasily on his chair and essayed once or twice to interrupt him, but Hardy was one of those self-opinionated men who like to hear themselves talk and will not be put down when they have once made up their minds to speak. At last he rose, and, going up close to Hardy, said, while his fists clenched and unclenched involuntarily:—

"I tell you what it is, Mr. Hardy; I don't allow any man to tell lies about me. All you have said is untrue, and if I hear from anybody else that you have repeated what you've said to me, by heaven I'll make you repent it! I'm an old man, and a poor one, but I've a character to lose, which neither you nor your master shall deprive me of."

"I've only repeated what I've heard," said Hardy, unconcernedly. "When I was told to give you notice of eviction if you made any objection to leaving peaceably, I naturally inquired the reason why. Mr. Dashwood, junior, is my informant, and——"

"Whom I meet him," interrupted Garraway, excitedly, "I'll cram the lie down his throat. He knows himself to be a false-hearted scoundrel, who would rob me of my girl; and he is well aware that she would never have him as husband with my consent, though I can see that he has not dreamt of marriage. I am a poor man, and he thinks he can do what he likes with a poor man's daughter; but he can't't—he can't! I'll let him know that, if I hang for it!"

He was sorry for speaking these incautious words almost immediately after he had uttered them. Mr. Hardy was no friend of his, and if any mysterious accident were to befall Philip Dashwood this imprudent language would go far in a chain of circumstantial evidence to implicate him for having employed violence to obtain revenge.

"Come, come, farmer; there is no harm done yet and you'll get another farm which will answer your purpose equally as well, I've no doubt. We're not living in Ireland and don't want any agrarian outrages. You must admit that a man has a right to do what he likes with his own. This is Mr. Dashwood's farm; he does not approve of you as a tenant and he gives you notice to quit. What can be more just or simple?"

"What can be more infamous?" retorted Garraway. "Am I to be allowed nothing for my improvements? Is it just to refuse a man a lease, and yet, by promises which you never mean to fulfill, lead him to hope that he may get one in time by building and spending all his profits on the land, never sowing two white straws running and ruining himself over manure for the land? But that's not all my grievance. Is it not enough to make me leave the farm without taking away my character and circulating reports respecting my daughter and me which have no foundation? You are a sensible man, Mr. Hardy, and you know Philip Dashwood's character. You can see that I am a victim of his cowardly deception."

The steward listened to this just outburst of indignation, but made no reply.

"What, man!" cried the farmer, with indescribable scorn, "is your tongue tied because you get a paltry two or three hundred a year for managing the estate? Are you afraid to speak your mind and side with the oppressed against the cruel oppressor? Out upon you for a hound! I'd sooner starve than gain my bread at that price. Every morsel I ate would choke me and bring a red blush to my cheeks. I thank fortune I can yet choose my own company and I've no wish for yours. This is my house, Mr. Hardy, so long as I pay rent for it, and I'll thank you to leave it. You've stated your business and can have nothing further to say to me."

"Oh, if that' your temper," answered Hardy, calmly enough, "I've no wish to inflict my unwelcome society upon you and will take it where it will be more agreeable. I suppose," he added, as he neared the door, "it is not with your consent that your daughter was, as I came along, within a mile of Blanethorpe Hall?"

"It's untrue! She was here but a short time ago," said Garraway, looking round as if he still expected to see Fanny sitting at the table.

"Everything is untrue which you don't like," said the bailiff, with a laugh. "I'll take my oath on that, though. Fanny was going to the hall and I met her as I came from it. That's the truth and you're welcome to it. Much good may it do you. Good day, farmer, good day."

So saying Mr. Hardy took his departure, leaving Garraway somewhat alarmed. He immediately made inquiries for Fanny, who was not in the house. When the inmates were questioned no one remembered having seen her for some time.

The farmer waited anxiously for some time, and as evening drew on his uneasiness and anxiety were painful to witness. After tea he dispatched messengers in various directions, going himself to Binnethorpe Hall and make inquiries there about Phillip Dashwood and his daughter. The servants, to whom he was well known, informed him that Mr. Phillip had been out all the afternoon; he had been over, they thought, to Nunninton, but they were not positive about this. He was there at dinner with his father and some guests who were staying at the hall. No one had seen anything of Fanny and her prolonged absence from home was a mystery which deepened with the shades of night.

Garraway hurried back to the farm and hoped that he might find his girl there, but no glad tidings awaited him. His suspense was not relieved until one of the men he had dispatched came back with a letter which was lying at the office in the town. It had been written that afternoon and was from Fanny.

In it she said that she had resolved to go to London to seek her fortune. There was no doubt in her own mind that she was only a burden at home, and as a wrong interpretation had been put upon her actions by those who should have known her better and who ought to have treated her with more kindness, she felt that the farm was no longer a fit place for her. She had no fear of being able to maintain herself in a respectable position by her own exertions, and in conclusion she begged her friends to have no concern on her account. She would write to them from time to time, but at present could give them no address.

This letter was a great blow to Farmer Thomas Garraway. His wife, Amanda and Jane discussed the matter in all its bearings with the garrulity natural to women on such an occasion, but the farmer was too deeply grieved for words, and sat with his head drooping, a melancholy man, thinking deeply. It was impossible for him to dissociate Philip Dashwood with this remarkable freak of his daughter. It is not likely that she would have resolved upon taking such an important step unless she was advised and supported by somebody. He was not aware that, on leaving home, she had money wherewith to defray the expenses of her journey to town. This want would be easily met and supplied by the young squire, who, with an artfulness worthy of his despicable character, was very likely to give her an address in town where she could stay until he joined her, deeming it advisable to remain for a few days, or even weeks, at the hall, so as to divert suspicion from him.

This view of the case and several others suggested themselves to the farmer. Fanny might have intended to seek the place of a domestic servant. She might not have had any meeting or understanding with Philip Dashwood; but, however the case stood, one fact was patent and undeniable: he had lost his pet child, the darling of his age, and his heart was desolate in consequence. He was inclined to blame himself for treating her harshly, and invented a thousand excuses for her conduct, while her mother blamed her severely and declared that she fully deserved all that might happen to her.

A dreary evening was passed by the inhabitants of the old farm house—one of the dreariest any of them remembered. An oppressive weight, like lead, lay upon their hearts. The cheerful smile and pleasant, prattling voice of pretty Fanny was missed. There was a void and they could not fill it up. But, weighed down as their spirits were, the measure of their misfortunes was not yet full and the cup of misery was not filled to the brim.

It was about ten o'clock, and the farmer, who had been very restless all the evening, having neglected his pipe, got up and paced the old bricks of the kitchen. He looked out of the window occasionally, having pushed back one of the shutters for that purpose. It was a cold night and the wind was blowing half a gale from the north-west, while the air was frosty.

Suddenly some smoke was blown towards the house and a gleam of light was seen in the direction of the rick yard. As it caught the farmer's eye it became visible to every one else, for the gleam was very vivid and continued to increase. Every face went ashy pale, for it was impossible to mistake the meaning of that bright flash of flame, whose volume each moment got greater. A child could have comprehended what had happened when the smoke and the light were hurried past the window by the wild, bleak wind, which blended the two together and rushed away with the murky vapor, as if it enjoyed the mischief which was in progress.

For a moment, and a moment only, farmer Thomas Garraway stood as one paralysed. Then he rushed to the door and pulled the latch nearly off in his anxiety to open it. The next moment his voice was heard calling loudly to the men, who slept on the premises, and shouting "Fire! fire!" with frantic energy.

Flames and smoke now issued from the rick yard in dense volumes, and a conflagration of magnitude was threatened. No one could say how the fire had originated; but there it was, raging with frightful impetuosity. The farm laborers were quickly on the spot. No one seemed to know how to act. The farmer was like a madman and gave orders one moment which he contradicted the next. This misfortune, coming so quickly on the disappearance of his daughter, nearly deprived him of his senses. The yard contained some valuable produce. There were six ricks of hay, seven of wheat, several of oats and barley, some peas and beans, none of which were insured. The loss to Garraway, if all were destroyed, would be immense, and he could by no possibility recover from the damage which would be inflicted upon him.

The men got some buckets, and, going to a pond hard by the rick yard, filled them with water, on which a thin coating of ice was beginning to gather. With these they made feeble efforts to subdue the flames, which we need not say were not crowned with success, their attempts seeming to add fuel to the fire and increase the fury with which it leaped and twined round the inflammable material it had marked as its prey.

After some time had been wasted in this injudicious mode of attacking the flames, some one did what ought to have been done in the first instance; he saddled a horse and galloped off to Nuninton in search of the town fire engines, which were two in number and worked by hand.

Mrs. Garraway and her two daughters hastily wrapped themselves in shawls, and, going to the scene of the fire, surveyed the destruction that was taking place with mute and melancholy wonder. They were unable to render any assistance, but their presence tended somewhat to calm the old man and restrain the impatient energy which threatened to lead him into danger, as he would rush up to the flaming ricks and endeavor to beat out the fire with a rake, which he had somewhere picked up.

The fire had originated at the extreme northern end of the rick yard, so that the wind swept the fiery particles, with which the air was soon filled, from rick to rick, with awful rapidity. It was sad to see the precious grain reduced to ashes. It was enough to madden the farmer to witness the accomplishment of his ruin and be unable to make any effectual effort to prevent it. At last, seeing the inutility of his endeavors, he sat down upon a heap of stones, and, covering his face with his hands, the hot, scalding tears trickled down his furrowed cheeks and all the man in him turned to woman.

It was some time before the engines arrived, and when they did they were able to do but little good, for the flames had assumed the mastery and the firemen confined their efforts to tearing down those ricks not yet on fire and keeping destruction away from the farm house and adjacent buildings. Garraway watched them for some time, and, seeing that all was hopeless and that a mere handful would at the best be saved, turned with a sorrowful air and tottering footsteps to the house, whither his wife and daughters had already retreated.

Mrs. Garraway was almost as much overcome and as helpless as her husband. Though a hard worker and a good house wife, she was easily broken down by the shock of a sudden calamity and she made no resistance when Jane induced her to go to bed. Amanda, who had an eye for the beautiful and poetic, continued to look at the conflagration as something unutterably grand and to be admired. Every time the flames broke out with fresh violence as they were fed by a new rick, she would clasp her hands together and utter a smothered cry; and when the cold night air and the damp ground made her feel chilly and drove her indoors, she continued to watch the fire from a window with a sort of wondering awe and the kind of pleasure one takes in a brilliant display of fireworks.

As for Jane, she behaved like a heroine from first to last. She was here, there and everywhere. All the nervous force which her father and mother had lost she seemed to possess. It was she who encouraged the firemen and stimulated their flagging energies to greater exertions with draughts of beer, which she brought out of the cellars in cans with her own hands. It was she who directed the attention of the superintendent of the brigade to the proximity of a barn stored with grain, which stood in imminent danger of catching fire, and she had the pleasure of seeing half a dozen jets of water playing upon the flames which were nearest to it. It was she who kept the inevitable rabble attendant on a great fire out of the farm house. In fact she was the ruling spirit of the hour, and if there was an order to be given, or a request to be made, it was to Jane that those concerned came.

But a trial arrived for this brave girl which she had not anticipated. She was trying to revive the drooping spirits of her aged father by talking to him, hoping the loss might not, after all, be so great as he expected, and inducing him to drink some spirits mixed with water, when the noise of feet was heard approaching the door, which Amanda opened.

There were four men in advance of a small crowd, who bore something on a shutter. They hesitated as they saw Jane; but she, with a strange and foreboding heart throbbing, bade them enter.

MADAME SANYEAH, Gymnast.

CHAPTER VI.

Weakness to be wroth with weakness! woman's pleasure, woman's pain—
Nature made them blinder motions bounded in a shallower brain:
Woman is the lesser man, and all thy passions, match'd with mine,
Are as moonlight unto sunlight and as water unto wine.
LOCKSLEY HALL.

A common oil lamp shed the only light which illuminated the spacious apartment, but its rays were powerful enough to enable Jane to behold the face of one she loved. John Short was lying crushed and bleeding on the shutter. His eyes were closed and he drew his breath with difficulty. Deep groans broke from him at intervals and it was clear that he was undergoing suffering of no ordinary kind.

Amanda, too, recognized her sister's affianced lover and uttered a cry; but Jane, holding up her hand, cried "Hush!" and with a firm trust in heaven in her noble heart she stilled its palpitations by the exercise of a violent effort and interrogated briefly the foremost man from whom she heard the following story:—

John Short, seeing the flames from his house at Nunnington and hearing from the people who passed by in fierce excitement that the fire was at Wood House farm, where the rickyard was in danger of being burnt to the ground, hastily sallied forth and arrived at the scene with as little delay as possible.

Instead of coming to condole with the family, he lent a hand with the firemen and was instrumental in doing a great deal of good, for a clear head and a steady hand is always of value on those occasions. It was he who suggested the use of ladders to enable men to mount the ricks not yet on fire and throw down the sheeves to others who might bear them to a place of safety, and while inciting those below to greater exertions, his foot slipped from the topmost step of a high ladder and he fell to the ground.

Those nearest to him picked him up, tore down a window shutter from a stable, and carried him into the house. It did not take the man more than a few seconds to tell Jane all this and she was equally quick at understanding him.

"This way," she said, leading him to a bed-room on the ground floor, where she herself slept. And when they had laid him down she put her hand into his pocket and drew out a purse containing his hard earned savings, from which she took a couple of sovereigns. The sum total did not amount to much, but she cared little for money, when, for all she knew, the life of her lover might be in danger. Giving this money to the most intelligent in appearance among the four men, she added:—

"Divide this among your companions, after keeping for yourself what you think fit; but add to the obligation which you have already conferred upon me by hastening for a doctor. You do not know how much may depend upon your speed. Go to the stable and take a horse. If any one connected with the farm should speak to you, say you have my orders. I do not know you, but I am sure that none of you would do anything wrong at such a dreadful time as this. Pray do not fail me. Get a medical man at once and I will do what I can during your absence."

The men departed, and Jane, shutting the door of the little room, was alone with the wounded man. Only those who have been in a similar position can realize her feelings at that mournful time. Her agony was none the less poignant because she was quiet, and to a certain extent impassive. She did not give way until afterwards. When she knew the worst she went to bed in a half-fainting condition; but while there was anything to be done she kept up with indomitable courage and energy of a most praiseworthy description.

It seemed an age to her before the physician arrived. During her vigil she was unable to help John. It was impossible for her to do more than smooth the pillow upon which his head was resting, and wipe the pain damp from his brow. Without, she could hear the hoarse cries of the firemen, the tumultuous noise of the unwonted crowd, and the loud roaring and crackling of the flames fanned by an angry wind.

The doctor lost no time in answering the summons which had been brought him, and made a careful examination of John Short, whom he found not to be so dangerously hurt as was supposed. He had injured his head and fractured some ribs. The doctor spoke hopefully of his case, and said that with rest and careful attendance he would recover in, perhaps, as short a space of time as six weeks, as he did not think the internal injuries were of a serious nature.

Like rain on the parched ground in summer was this news to Jane, who, while the examination was made, had retired to the outer room. Her father was still in a forlorn condition, but she could not pay him any further attention. The doctor had told her to leave John Short in his hands, and she, acting upon his advice, crawled up stairs to the bedroom which had been Fanny's, and retired to rest. Completely worn out, she soon sank to sleep, and her heavy breathing attested to the fatigue which brought on so profound a slumber.

It was daylight before the exertions of the firemen were brought to a close, and the engines departed on their way back to Nunninton. The crowd had, to a great extent, dispersed when the flames were brought into a state of subjection, and only a few eager sight-seers lingered to gaze on the scene of desolation, and watch the black smoke curling lazily upwards from the steaming ashes. In truth it was a melancholy scene, the sadness of which was heightened by the appearance of the ruined farmer, who, unable to sleep, had wandered forth bareheaded, his face pale, his eyes haggard and bloodshot, and his whole appearance denoting that he was, in his own estimation, a poor, broken down man, with whom the iron hand of fate had dealt heavily.

They got him to bed at last, and when he again faced his misfortunes and was conscious of his loss he met with a host of sympathisers, who came from far and near, more to have a look at the remains of the fire and as an excuse for an outing than for any real regard they had for him; but farmer Thomas Garraway was, as we have said, a broken man. His air of prosperity and contentment had left him; he was like Job and the potsherds and his heart was little less full of bitterness and utter despair.

Days passed away and affairs began to mend. John Short got rapidly better and the smiles returned to Jane's face again. The damage done to the rickyard was immense, but something was saved from the fire. No one knew how the fire originated. Some darkly whispered that it must have been the work of an incendiary. One man had seen Philip Dashwood near the farm on the eventful night; and to this statement Garraway attached importance, but the information was far too vague to allow him in any way to act upon it. He had the very worst possible opinion of young Mr. Dashwood and believed him capable of the perpetration of any villainy to gain the gratification of his passions, a prominent one among which was revenge.

Mr. Hardy sent Garraway a formal notice to quit and it was clear that he would have to vacate his cherished farm. Then it was that the cheery voice of John Short was heard bringing comfort. The farmer went to his accounts and found that, owing to the recent calamities which had befallen him, he would leave with only a few pounds in his pocket; and John proposed that he should, with his family, come and take up their abode in his house; his marriage with Jane could be solemnized as soon as he recovered. There was a large garden and he intended to erect a mill to utilize the water power of which he was undoubtedly possessed. In one way and another the farmer could find occupation until they could, by their united exertions, realize sufficient money to take another farm from a more benevolent landlord than Mr. Merrivale Dashwood had proved himself to be.

Months glided on and winter gave place to the sweet spring time, which, however, brought no hope or promise to the farmer, who knew that the standing crops would not be reaped by him, and that other hands would gain the benefit of his autumnal labors. He was far too proud a man to go and beg his landlord to continue him in his tenancy and he was far too sensible a man to say that a landlord has not a right to do what he likes with his own. He blamed himself for not having a lease when he first entered on his tenancy and resolved if he ever got on in the world again never to place himself in any one's power.

It was little heart that he had to look forward to anything. No news came of Fanny. Mr. Philip Dashwood had gone up to town rather earlier than was his custom, and he had remained away from home longer than his father liked. So ran the rumor. What had become of his darling he could not tell, but every night he went down on his knees and prayed heaven's blessing on his erring girl. It was a sore blow to him to lose his pet daughter and his farm at one blow; his grief was evident in his countenance, and all could see that he was an altered man.

The farm was vacated on the same day that Jane Garraway was united in marriage to John Short, who had arranged that the ceremony should take place on that day, because he thought the farmer's thoughts might be diverted from serious subjects, and that his sorrow would, to some extent, be alleviated.

Jane and her husband did all that lay in their power to make Mr. and Mrs. Garraway happy. John had quite recovered from the effects of his accident, and suffered from no ill consequences; but he did not like Amanda, and though he strove very hard to hide his dislike from her, she perceived it, and knew that she was not a welcome inmate of John Short's household. She did not blame him for his antipathy to her, because she admitted to herself that she was not fitted to be a drudge, which was the only position that she could have filled; and she confessed, at the same time, that it was unfair to expect him to keep one who did not make herself useful in any way—one who much preferred reading and writing to making pudding or roasting a joint of meat.

Amanda relied upon her accomplishments; for, with all her idleness, she was a good musician, had a thorough knowledge of English, and could read and talk French with fluency. She had not neglected her opportunities while she was at school, and she longed for a chance of distinguishing herself in what she deemed her proper sphere, which she clearly thought was that of a governess. It was her ambition to be a lady; or if she could not manage to attain that position, which was more distant than ever since her father's losses and misfortunes, she was desirous of becoming the companion and associate of ladies.

With this object in view she inserted an advertisement in a leading daily journal, stating her qualifications and giving her address at John Short's house, Nunninton. To her chagrin and disappointment she received no answer and her friends laughingly told her the labor market was overstocked, and that she had best make up her mind to turn her hand to some useful domestic occupation, to which she gave an emphatic "Never!"

"I tell you, lass," exclaimed John Short, "that trade is bad and the country is overstocked with ladies who can teach. The use of the hand in these days is better than the use of the head, and if you take my advice, which is not that of a fool, though I say it, you'll cast in your lot with us and give up your fantastic notions of high life and literature."

Amanda was about to make an indignant answer when a carriage pulled up before the door and a powdered footman gave a prolonged rat-tat with the rusty knocker, which must have taxed his powers of persuasion rather heavily, as it had not been heard to make any distinct sound within the memory of any of the inhabitants of the house.

Amanda watched Jane's retreating figure as she ran to answer the noisy summons and a flash of triumph came to her face as she heard the footman say:—

"The Countess of Montargis wishes to see Miss A. G., who advertised from this address."

TO BE CONTINUED.

SKATING IN PHILADELPHIA UPWARDS OF A CENTURY AGO.

In a book printed more than half a century since, entitled "Memoirs of a Life Chiefly Passed in Pennsylvania Within the Last Sixty Years," we find the following on the subject of skating in Philadelphia about the year 1768:—"With respect to skating, though the Philadelphians have never reduced it to rules, like the Londoners, nor connected it with their business, like Dutchmen, I will yet hazard the opinion that they were the best and the most elegant skaters in the world. I have seen New England skaters, Old England skaters and Holland skaters, but the best of them could but 'make the judicious grieve.' I was once slightly acquainted with a worthy gentleman, the quondam member of a skating club in London, and it must be admitted that he performed very well for an Englishman. His *high Dutch* (or, as he better terms it, his *outer edge*) skating might, for aught I know, have been exactly conformable to the statutes of this institution. To those he would often appeal, and I recollect the principal one was that each stroke should describe an exact semicircle. Nevertheless, his style was what we should deem a very bad one. An utter stranger to the beauty of bringing forward the suspended foot towards the middle of the stroke, and boldly advancing it before the other at the conclusion of it, thus to preserve throughout his course a continuity of movement, to rise like an ascending wave to its acme, then, gracefully like a descending one, to glide into the succeeding stroke without effort either real or apparent—every change of foot with this gentleman seemed a beginning of motion, and required a most unseemly jerk of the body; an unequivocal evidence of the want of that power which depends upon a just balance, and should never be lost—which carries the skater forward with energy and without exertion; and is as essential to his swift and graceful career, as is a good head of water to the velocity of a mill wheel. Those who have seen good skating will comprehend what I mean still better than those who are adepts themselves; but excellence in the art can never be gained by geometrical rules. The two reputed best skaters of my day were General Cadwalader, and Massey, the biscuit baker; but I could name many others, both of the Academy and Quaker school (the only schools in Philadelphia at that time), who were in no degree inferior to them; whose action and attitudes were equally graceful, and, like theirs, no less worthy of the chissel than those which in other exercises have been selected to display the skill of the eminent sculptors of antiquity."

After the days of Graydon there were many excellent skaters whose appearance on the ice always attracted attention. Colonel James Page was one of the best, and Mr. Franklyn Peal and Mr. Robert A. Parrish were hardly inferior. Later, Weaver and Pincheon attracted marked attention. Coming to our own day, the number has so greatly increased that the mention of the names of any of them would involve a serious controversy with the friends of the many others not named.

PATTI'S PRACTICAL RETORT.—A Chicago paper tells the following story about Carlotta Patti:—A certain shoe dealer of that city, who is as well a passionate lover of music, was particularly demonstrative that Patti should repeat one of her songs. The lady, who has sharp as well as beautiful eyes, noticed this. The next day she had occasion to purchase a pair of gaiters and happened to buy them of the gentleman who had been so ardent on the evening before. Having selected the articles and paid for them she turned to the vender of shoes, and in a very pleasant, quiet and matter-of-fact way, said:—"Now, please, give me a pair of gaiters." "Give you a pair of——" "Certainly; give me a pair." "Why I what do you mean?" "I mean that you bought a ticket at the concert last evening and then demanded that I should give you double what you paid for. Am I getting more than you did?" It is to be supposed that Patti got her gaiters.

THE OTHER WAY ABOUT.—"I resort to wine to stimulate my wits," said a young spendthrift to an old one. "Ah," replied the veteran, "that is the way I began, but now I have to resort to my wits to get my wine."

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NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1870.

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NOTICE.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

To Correspondents.

AQUATIC.—The four-oared boat in which Denny Leary and the Biglin brothers rowed, when they made the fastest five mile time on record in Centennial Pond—28:43½—was the "Geo J. Brown," defeating the "Geo. W Shaw," of Poughkeepsie, and the "Hop Up," of Greenpoint. The Shaw was rowed by Wm. Stevens, Homer Wooden, D. Le Boeuf, Ferkil Bowman; the Hop Up by Oscar Teed, Wm. Boyce, Henry Osburn and Wm. H Hayes. The Shaw was beaten 15 seconds and the Hop Up disqualified. The race took place on the Empire City course, Sept. 10, 1869.

SPECTATOR, Boston.—1. James McKay, the English boxer, is not mentioned in Fistiana. 2. They receive about the same amount of salary. 3. We never heard of such a man. 4. Emily Pitt has the most thorough musical education of any of the English blondes that have appeared here. Three days after beans were first invented. 5. Judging by your style of chirography you would never become a good book keeper. 7. You could get from $15 to $25 a week as an amateur.

HARRY, Philadelphia.—1. Charles Vivian is in England. 2. Lingard and Vivian are not relatives. 3. It is the old Charley. He has been on the stage about eight or ten years. 5. He is a widower. 6. You would not have to obtain Edwards's permission to do business similar to him. 7. It would be advisable to change if you can better yourself. Many have done it. 8. It is not necessary to commence so low.

WILL, Fulton, N. Y.—The law on the subject reads as follows:—"Any person or persons, or company engaged in the increase of brook trout by artificial process (known as fish culture) may take, in any way or at any time, upon the premises of any person, under permission of the owner thereof, brook trout to be kept and used as brook trout for artificial propagation only, and for no other purpose."

J. W. H.—1. Did Roberts, the English champion, ever beat any of the first class American players in the four ball carom game? 2. Did Roberts ever play the English game on a six-pocket table in this country, and with what result? 3. Is there any account of his doings here published?..... 1. Not at what was then the regular four-ball game. 2. We believe he did on one or two occasions. 2. Yes; in the CLIPPER.

CONSTANT READER, Galveston, Tex.—1. Any player has a right to shuffle the cards, but the dealer has the right to shuffle last. 2. Remembering the cards as played and carefully studying some treatise on the game, will make you, with long continued practice, a whist player. 3. We are not in the business and cannot tell you. 4. We shall be glad to hear from you on sporting matters at any time.

JAKE, East Boston, Mass.—1. Tom Allen's average fighting weight in England was 150lbs. Have written to him, asking for information regarding your other question which we cannot answer positively now. 2. The limits of the different fighting weights are as follows:—Feather, up to 112lbs.; light, up to 133lbs.; middle, up to 154lbs.; heavy, all above 154lbs.

LOCOMOTIVE BOY, Philadelphia.—1. Annie is thirty years of age. 2. Made her *debut* in California. 3. Mrs. D. has passed her forties. 4. The Lydia Thompson troupe will not appear again in your city this season. 5. Paisey Reardon beat Lass, Smith, Travers and Dillon, and fought draws with Jack Rooke (twice), Shipp and Geo. King.

THEATRICAL, Philadelphia.—The seating capacity of our city theatres is as follows:—Stadt, 3,015; Academy of Music, 2,363, Niblo's Garden, 2,078; Bowery, 2,430; Tammany, 1,950; Grand Opera House, 1,884; Booth's Theatre, 1,743; Olympic, 1,625; Wallack's, 1,568; Theatre Comique, 1,005; Circus, 1,052; Wood's Museum, 1,339; French Theatre 1,356.

HOWARD, Chicago.—1. Lotta is not married. 2. Her mother is not traveling with her this season. She is accompanied by a French maid and her agent, Mr. Saville. 3. Just past her twenty-second birthday. 4. She plays on sharing terms, not a salary, and receives more than any other lady star on the American stage.

M. B., Philadelphia.—1. The Red Stockings were not defeated in any first nine game, but their amateur nine were defeated. 2. The Keystones did not defeat the Athletics during the past season, but they did come within an ace of it on June 4th, the score being 24 to 25 in favor of the Athletics.

A SUBSCRIBER, Brady's Bend, Pa.—If you mean whether he published the "American Game of Base Ball" a second year, we answer no. If, whether he issued a work in that year, we answer yes; that book being entitled "Beadle's Dime Base Ball Player," containing the averages for 1868.

B. B. E., Chicago.—We cannot spare space and time to particularize *all* the horses that have trotted in 2:30 during the past year. Among them were Lady Thorn, American Girl, Goldsmith Maid, George Palmer, George Wilkes, Rhode Island, Henry Genet, Billy Barr, Myron Perry, Mountain Boy, Surprise and numerous others.

SUBSCRIBER, Cincinnati.—1. To Sacramento, 3,082 miles. 2. She receives half the gross receipts after a small amount for the current expenses is deducted. Her father resides in this city. 3. Mr. Saville is Lotta's agent. She is not engaged to be married. 4. About six years.

J. B., Philadelphia, Pa.—Tom Allen did not beat Joe Goss. They once fought a draw, Goss being out of condition at the time, owing to having been incarcerated in Derby jail, and fully ten pounds over his usual fighting weight. Goss afterwards offered to renew the fight and stake £500 to £400, but nothing further came of it.

W. F. R.—1. Master Tommy Ryan died in this city, June 22d, 1869. 2. C. E. Collins is at Tony Pastor's. He cut a man in Louisville, in a spree. 3. Johnny Thompson and Frank Kerns appeared together in this city, as "said," and at other places of amusement.

CARTE CONCERTAR, Baltimore.—1. We never heard Lydia play the banjo. 2 Lotta is the best of the two you mention. 3. Dick Carroll and Master Barney. 4. The Collyer boys are considered clever performers, but not great.

HARRY, Fishkill Landing.—1. Dexter has a record of 2:17¼. 2. He made it in a match against time. 3. His best time against another horse was 2:18. 4. Trotting against time is a race. 5. John Murphy rode him in a match against time in 2:18 1-3, on the Fashion Course, L. I., October 10, 1865.

PLUTO HILL.—Edwin Booth has played Don Cæsar and Ruy Blas frequently in this city. On Oct. 17th, 1863, he played both characters at Winter Garden Theatre. L. F. Barrett and Mrs. F. S. Chanfrau were in the cast.

LITTLE DETECTIVE, Baltimore.—1. We are not advised of Miss Fisher's movements so far ahead. 2 Lotta is considered the better singer of any you mention. 3. The mother of the Chapman sisters is still living.

CONSTANT READER, St. Louis.—There is no remedy for the blindness of your slut, but washing it with a lotion of sulphate of zinc, 4 grains, sugar of lead, 4 grains, and distilled water, one half pint, twice a day, will alleviate it.

T. A. D., Petroleum Centre.—If you backed the horse to be absolutely second, and he wins you lose; but if you backed him to be second or better, you win. We cannot decide, not knowing the terms of your wager.

BASE BALL, Hackensack.—1. Ferguson, G. Wright, Start, Fisler, Al Reach, M. King, Chapman, Wood and Smith. 2. Brainard or Zeiber; Ferguson or Allison; Start, Wood; C. Smith; G. Wright; Chapman; M. King and McDonald.

A CONSTANT READER, Philadelphia, Pa.—Dexter's fastest time under saddle was 2:18—in harness, 2:17¾. He trotted a mile in 2:14 on the Fashion Course, L. I., but as it was a private trial it does not go upon the record.

CONSTANT READER, Zanesville.—1. It is an absurd idea to think any one can be taught to dance by a book. 2. Carlotta is not married. 3. There are no recognized champions. 4. James Robinson. 5. From fifteen to seventy-five dollars a week.

X 10 U 8, St. Louis.—1. The Shadi Theatre, this city, has the largest seating capacity, while the stage of the Old Bowery is the largest. 2. His a matter of opinion as to who is the best Richard. 3. Booth, Jefferson and Forrest are among the wealthiest.

L. A. H., Pottstown, Pa.—Ned O'Baldwin, the "Irish Giant," fought but once in this country, his opponent being Joe Wormald. They fought one round, lasting ten minutes, at Lynnfield, Mass., in October, 1868, the police interfering and arresting both men.

BALTIMORE.—Othello's first suspicion of jealousy is in act three, scene three, when he says to Iago, "what dost thou think?" The speech, "Perdition catch my soul," etc., occurs immediately previous to the first one mentioned by us.

MORRACK, Brooklyn, L. I.—The Harvards took the Middlesex side of the river in their race with the Oxford crew. The Surrey side is the longest, but in a race the boats are so close together that there is little, if any, difference in the distance pulled over.

L. G. E., Philadelphia.—No one can go alone except in the player who takes the responsibility of the trump. If C took all five tricks, it is simply a euchre, and counts him two points.

F. HOWARD, Little Rock.—It is a business matter between the absconding party and yourself, and with which we have nothing to do.

A YALE STUDENT.—We prefer not to express an opinion in regard thereto. Read the account of their former contest and judge for yourself.

J. B. H., Davenport, Iowa.—Jem Edwards, of Cheltenham, Eng., beat Allen, Cherrington, Stephens, Wilday, Massey and Brown, and fought a draw with Herbert and Hall. He was never beaten.

LADIES.—As her hair is taken it up and declared to go alone, the adversary cannot play alone against him; should the latter take all five tricks, he merely scores two points for the euchre.

OWNER, Cambridge, Mass.—Give the dog one-half ounce castor oil twice a week, stop giving him meat, and wash him with a mixture of common oil, one-half pint; sulphur, two ounces, daily.

R. W. PAYTON, Connoautville, Pa.—John Hatfield threw a ball, regulation size, a distance of 396 feet. Said throwing took place July 9th, 1868, in the Union grounds, Cincinnati.

W. B. R., Boston.—1. Fearnaught trotted a heat in Buffalo in August, 1868, in 2:27½. 2. The fastest stallion time is 2:24, by George Wilkes, at Narragansett, October 15, 1868.

STOKES, Philadelphia.—Low Jack, goes out before high game when two players need two each to go out. The points are taken thus:—high, low Jack, and game last.

CLIFTON HOUSE.—Jim Mace defeated Tom King (who fought Heenan), Jan. 28th, 1832, and was beaten by King, Nov. 26, same year. King defeated Heenan, Dec 10th, 1863.

THOS. MURPHY, Bushnell, Neb.—No, not as a reprint of that paper, but the larger part of the news contained in it is published here before or about the same time as it is published there.

NEW YORK.—1. They are cousins. 2. At the time of his death the late James Wallack was 76 years of age. N. Lester Wallack was born in 1820. 3 The elder Wallack died in 1864.

O. C. C., Wadsworth, Nevada.—If each one had an equal number of cards then it should have been turned up; if not, then the cards should have been bunched and dealt over again.

CONSTANT STORY.—We cannot give you the address of any such parties. Besides, they only deal in stock with whose merits and demerits they are thoroughly acquainted.

A PATRON, Troy.—C having ordered A up, the latter could not go alone, and although A took all five tricks, he could only score two points for the euchre.

CONSTANT READER, Brooklyn.—A having taken it up and played alone, B could not go alone against him. A's three tricks count him one point only.

E. K. B., City.—The Mutuals have not, as yet, selected their nine for 1870. The last date was:—C. Mills, Wolters E. Mills, Sweasy or Wood, Nelson, Hatfield, Flanly, Eggler and Patterson.

WASHINGTON HOTEL, Williamsburgh.—1. A straight flush does not beat four aces, and only ranks as a simple flush, unless it is especially agreed upon on commencing the game. 2. A full hand beats a flush.

P. F., Bloomington, Ill.—John Doherty was beaten by O'Donnell, and defeated Jim Bayton. 2. We never heard of a boxer of that name.

WM. ELLIS, Nelsonville, O.—Ben Count and Nat Langham fought for £100 a side, Sept. 21, 1857. the battle ending in a draw after 80 rounds had been fought in 1 hour and 29 minutes.

F. S., Quincy, Ill.—Yes. they can play him. Age makes no difference. All clubs out of the National Association are called junior clubs.

J. W. B., Indiana.—Every kind of a travelling entertainment must take out a United States license besides a city or town license. In some states a county license also has to be had.

IOWA CITY.—There was a steamer called Anglo Saxon run between Liverpool and Quebec, but we never heard of the Anglo American between the former port and Boston.

OLD READER, Newark, N. J.—Billy Edwards was born at West Birmingham, Eng. on St. Thomas Day, 1844. Sam Collyer was born at Boulogne, France, of Scotch parents, in 1842.

RAILROAD MAN, Baltimore, Md.—1. Sam Collyer and Billy White never fought in the ring as opponents. 2 We cannot state accurately—call upon him yourself.

REBEL, Salem, Mass.—"Which of the two Dions, Joseph or Cyrille, is considered the better at both games; *i. e.*, with or without the mouth?..... Joseph.

VICTORY MILLS.—Trustee Lady Fullen, Captain McGowan and John Stewart have each trotted twenty miles inside of an hour.

PAULINE, Newport.—1. Anna Cora Mowatt is at present residing in London, Eng. 2. See our city summary this week.

HUBERT, Boston.—As we have never seen either we cannot answer your question

J. M. K., Philad'a.—The dealer cannot go alone, in euchre, where an opponent orders it up.

W. J. V.—He can turn down the "turn up card," and play his hand as it is.

SPECTATOR, Trinidad.—With our last issue. It will expire with No. 1, Vol. 18.

RODA, Baltimore.—The double giant swing has been done on the horizontal bar by various performers.

BLANCHARD, Louisville.—Your items came too late to be of service. Make them short, and give us the latest.

R. O. B., North Attleboro, Mass.—Lady Suffolk's fastest mile time was 2:26 on the Cambridge Course, Boston, June 19th, 1849.

F. H., Coldwater, Mich.—Napoleon Bonaparte's height is given as 5 ft. 5 in. by one of his biographers.

TOM OR JOE, Hamilton, Ont.—We are not conversant with the English rules and cannot decide the question.

POKER, New York.—B.'s hand is foul and he cannot bet on it, but must stand out of the game on that deal.

WATSON, Baltimore, Md.—Drop a letter to William Clark, in our care, enclosing $2.50, and he will forward "Fastians."

EXERCISE.—We are not aware of any remedy for bow legs after a person has attained his growth.

M. F. AND CO., Petroleum Centre, Pa.—The population of New York city at the present time is estimated at one million.

T. C., Ponsac, Mich.—The two 4s throw off for the possession of the first and second prizes and the next highest takes the third.

FARO.—Don't know. He should advertise, that his whereabouts might be known.

G. B., Reed's Ferry, N. H.—We have repeatedly stated that John C. Heenan is not dead, but resides in this city.

CONSTANT READER, Boston, Mass.—No; we never heard of a boxer by the name of Hughey Devine.

OLD VIRGINIA.—B could give A one point or run the cards, which he pleased.

CONOKA.—The inventor of the game is not known. It is mostly an Irish pastime, however.

CHARTIER'S CREEK.—High, low counts before Jack, consequently B won.

CONSTANT READER, Sioux City.—1. Meerschaum is a kind of clay which is found in beds in various parts of Europe. 2. Yes.

NELL W.—Letters are delivered to the persons to whom they are addressed, or to their order only.

ENQUIRER, Columbus, O.—Of Willmer & Rogers, No. 47 Nassau street, New York.

A CONSTANT READER, Philadelphia.—It is not possible to obtain reliable information on that subject.

HUNGARIAN, Oskaloosa, Iowa.—We cannot recommend any work on wrestling.

NORGAN Bridgeport, Conn.—The steamship Arctic was on her way to New York when she was lost.

H. H. K., Fort Edward.—There is no such an institution in this country.

PRINTER, New Orleans.—1. The lady is a widow. 2. Lotta will soon visit you.

E. S., St. Louis.—We never heard of the gentleman before that you speak of.

M. T. S., Watkins.—George Gray is at present in this city and a letter sent to this office will reach him.

C. T. H.—There are persons in this city who teach the cornet, but we have not got their address.

HAMLET.—See last week's city summary for answer to your question.

W. D. S., Wadsworth, Nevada.—B was *wrong*, as the last five did not make a sequence when played in the following order:—7, 5, 6, 5.

STAMPS, Evansville.—Charley Fish is traveling with a circus company.

CHARLIE, Cincinnati.—1. We cannot inform you when they will play in your city. 2. Pauline is not married.

WM. MCKAY, Chicago, Ill.—The Atlantic Club, of Brooklyn, are the nominal champions.

TOM D., Laramie City.—B, with the one given, and the point for low, went out first.

R. R., Memphis, Tenn.—To the best of our knowledge and belief they are on the square.

H. B., Colax.—B having one to go, and holding the low, was out first.

ALBERT, Cincinnati.—He will not go into Texas the present winter.

TOMMY DODD, Philadelphia.—You can obtain one of some of the photographers in your city.

STAKEHOLDER, Alleyan, Mich.—It is optional with A whether he takes the trick or not.

CALIFORNIA JACK, Chicago.—The same rules that govern seven up govern California Jack as regards following suit.

HARRISBURG.—1. D was entitled to his three points for sequence. 2. D's knave cut his second sequence all to pieces.

TRICK.—As C only needed one point, he made himself the winner by pitching the ace

HANLAN, St. Louis, Mo.—Betting on a sure thing is all right provided the bettor is guilty of no fraud to make it so.

MC., Cincinnati.—It is expected to be published during the present month.

M. B., Nashville.—Rachel visited this country in 1855.

BRUTUS.—See our summary for list of the associations.

D. MCF.—From twenty-five to thirty dollars a week.

PITTSBURGH.—Hughey is not married.

LOTTIE LANE, Philadelphia.—The letter has not been sent for.

NEWBURGH.—See answer to "Constant Reader," Sioux City.

TED. TIMOTHY, Pawtucket, R. I.—That's right, Ted; go ahead.

PHIL WENTAY.—$1.50 for one month.

DUDLEY, St. Louis.—We decline to keep it.

C. E. A.—Will give it an early perusal.

CARLOS.—Will look it over.

F. S., Quincy, Ill.—Send 'em along.

J. W. P., Washington.—We will soon turn up your "Trump."

ANGERTY.—Your question is unsolvable.

STEPHEN ROBERTS.—We have a letter for you.

CONSTANT READER, St. Louis, Mo.—33 1-3 per cent.

W. D. B.—Tom Sayers died Nov 11, 1865, aged 39.

MIKE GEARY.—A letter at this office for you.

THE HAMLETS OF THE STAGE.

AMONG the readers of the CLIPPER there are doubtless many veteran play-goers who remember two at least of the three actors we shall have to name as the representatives of Hamlet—the play-goers, we mean on this side of the water, where the two actors referred to visited at different times. On the other side, we know there are many who have a vivid recollection of the trio, whose different styles of playing what has long been considered the most difficult character in the entire dramatic range, we now purpose to refer to. An article on the subject cannot be otherwise than harmonious with the spirit and intent of a publication like the CLIPPER, and may be specially acceptable now we have a new actor among us —new, at all events, to us, and famed for his original style of rendering the part other actors have gained fame in.

The three men of whose respective delineations of Hamlet we have a vivid recollection were Charles Young, Edmund Kean and William Macready—all English actors, and the two latter well known to the American play-going public of a past day. Each of these had his peculiar reputation, built upon the exclusive manner in which he rendered the part allotted to him. Young was esteemed the classic model, Kean the passionate, and Macready the one of consummate art. These words, however, can only render a very unsatisfactory idea of what the performances of these gentlemen were; but a few words in detail or description may be more effective. Young's Hamlet was *very* classic—too much so, indeed, in our view—resembling the recitative of a consummately accomplished gentleman more than the stage effort of an actor. Hamlet, as everybody knows, affords the opportunity for the expression of varied emotions, some being of intense passion; yet, strange to say, Young slurred over these, not because he could not comprehend nor express passion, but because his view of the part he was playing was not what other people's idea is. Certainly not what our own is. In Zanga—as an example of how really fervid Young, the confessedly classical actor, could be when he deemed it fitting—nothing could exceed the power of his scenes. We remember him well in all his assumptions, and cannot but think his Hamlet a very tame performance, and the more unsatisfactory from the circumstances of age and appearance with which it was combined. At the time we write of Young's days had long since fallen into the "sere and yellow leaf;" his face—in his earlier days a remarkably fine one—showed many wrinkles, and his figure, once a model of grace and manly beauty, had lost much of its natural loftiness and dignity of presence.

Kean, as we have already said, was the passionate Hamlet; a man then of brief height, but who, through the exquisite symmetry of his proportions, or *something else that was indefinable*, always appeared as though a head and shoulders above every other actor on the stage with him; a man with a cast of features half Italian and half Jewish, with luxuriant black hair and eyes the equals to which we never saw. Truly might Kean's style of acting Hamlet be called the passionate, for while passion had to be expressed nothing was lacked to perfect intensity. His first words to the Ghost, his cry of exultation in the play scene when he has received confirmation of his suspicions, a few of his passages with Ophelia, mingling tenderness, anger and insanity, and his apostrophe to the dead daughter of Polonious; in all these, Kean gave a perfect rendering of Hamlet, and not a less true one so far as the passages quoted bore upon the character.

Macready's Hamlet, placed under the category of art, was full of grace, dignity and self poise, the prince, the scholar and the moral philosopher combined; the lover, too, the soldier, the graceful satarist and the genial conversationalist. All these in the proper place. But in those passages where Kean had been most satisfactory to us and Young the least, Macready occupied a midway position, his passion being tame and the restraint of art being manifest where we might have looked for the spontaneous outpourings of nature.

We might mention, as identical to these, the three great Hamlets of our recollection, some other Hamlets, all known to playgoers both sides of the water:—Ryder, Barry Sullivan, Edwin Forrest, E. L. Davenport and Edwin Booth. In the opinion of many Davenport's is the best, Booth's excellent in its way, too, but having too much of the tameness that marred the performance of the character by Young.

Of Fechter, the new Hamlet, now in our midst, and who has just made his American *debut* in "Ruy Blas," much has been said and written; he has his host of eulogists, among whom Charles Dickens is proud to call himself one, and has, moreover, written an elaborate criticism on the actor's style well worthy perusal. We have no had the opportunity of judging for and from ourselves the peculiarities of Mr. Fechter's acting in "Hamlet," about which an immense deal has reached us, but shall most unquestionably make a point of doing so as soon as the opportunity offers. Meanwhile, we may be allowed to offer a few words in relation to our new actor. It seems that Mr. Fechter, as an actor generally, is a bold innovator, with respect to Hamlet a *very* bold one, but more in regard to the exterior of the character than its interior. We cannot say we have heard anything touching his peculiar ideal of Hamlet—whether he falls into the too common error of actors in making the character either ridiculous or unintelligible, whereas the dramatist has made its every phase so obvious. There is one thing on record, however, that Mr. Fechter has made considerable alteration in what is called the "business" of the tragedy in which he takes the prominent part. Most of our former Hamlets have appeared in the time-honored black velvet and bugles, with a blazing star on the cloak and the ensigma of the order of the Elephant round the neck; *all* in black wigs where their own natural black hair was not available, or they had locks of another hue. But here Mr. Fechter is an innovator, appearing in a costume more simple and less rich than the costumes of his predecessors, and in yellow hair! There is certainly something that illustrates the outward proprieties of the stage in all this, and we are ready to commend it as far as it goes, if we get it in conjunction with an improved style of acting. If not that, or rather with one not so good, we would fain return to oddity of dress and incorrectness of scenery, so that we might have assured excellence of acting.

Meanwhile, let us rest content in welcoming the new actor among us, and wishing he may prove all his admirers and eulogists have said of him.

THE SENSATION OF THE DAY.

In the absence of any first class murder the daily press have served up to their dainty readers a sweet morsel in the shape of a clerical "irregularity," or, leastwise, the elopement of a minister of the gospel with a young and innocent member of his flock, and the scandal came just in time to take the place of that other highly seasoned dish, the Stowe-Byron monstrosity, of which the good public were beginning to have a surfeit, and longing for some fresh sensation in that line. That our clerical friend should have neglected to provide safe and plausible means of retreat in case of his little peccadillo being discovered is proof of the gentleman's "insanity," but this evidence of the hallucination of his intellect is overbalanced when we are told that he returned the object of his affections to the parental home as pure as "the beautiful snow," for no man, especially a clergyman, would have gone so far in pursuit of his little game and then abandoned it just as he had got it within his grasp. This is against the theory of insanity set up by the friends of the accused, and it will take a good deal of ready reckoning and hard swearing to rub out this "foul spot." To judge from the expression of public opinion touching this exciting drama in real life, the said public must be a highly moral and an exemplary people; they howl at the poor derelict minister in such a manner as to lead to the impression that not one of them would try the experiment the reverend gentleman has just failed in; whereas the truth is, that seven-tenths of those who so terribly condemn the preacher man, would even go a little farther than the latter went did the same opportunity offer. There's an old adage which says that "those who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones;" and so say we all. While "the press and public" are preaching morality at a 2:40 gait, let them also practice a little of it.

DAN DONNELLY AND TOM CRIBB.—As the life of the Irish Champion, Dan Donnelly, is concluded in this issue, we take occasion to announce to the public as well as to a large number of readers who have requested us to publish the life and battles of one of the greatest pugilists the British Ring ever produced, that in the next issue of the CLIPPER we will commence the publication of the fistic doings of Tom Cribb, once Champion of England, and which history will include the details of the extraordinary contests between Cribb and Molineaux, which battles created intense interest in America as well as in Europe, and which were witnessed by members of the British Parliament, and by some of "the highest nobles in the land." The proposed match between Jem Mace and Tom Allen, Champions of England and America, has awakened a fresh interest in Ring affairs, and the publication of the life of the renowned Dan Donnelly has but whet the public appetite for a little more of the same sort, and Tom Cribb will next shy his castor in the ring.

THE TEMPTER.—A man was tried in Philadelphia the past week for selling obscene books, the purchaser and informant being a detective. The evidence showed that the proprietor was not present at the time of the sale, and knew nothing about it, and that a clerk in the store had sold the book on his own account, etc.; so the proprietor of the store was discharged by Judge Paxson, who, at the same time, took the opportunity to express an opinion against the practice of detective officers going into book stores and tempting young men to buy obscene books for them.

GOOD FAIR.—A hotel keeper in Iowa advertises:—"The most polite ladies will act as waiters, dressed in pea-green jackets, tilting hoops and high heeled buttoned gaiters." If the bill of fare at that hotel is half as fair as the fair servers thereof it must be a good place to lose one's appetite at. Only a chap would have to look sharp or he'd get "happy tight" in another way.

BIG THING.—The following advertisement appeared in a late newspaper. Its an excellent chance for one of the big guns. "Fine, airy apartments with board for gentlemen measuring 33 feet by 17. Terms moderate." Guess the advertiser will be warranted in making "moderate terms" when he meets with an applicant of the stipulate 1 dimensions.

A TURKISH PASHA is said to have recently attempted to whip *all* his women, but getting tired of that mode of punishment, concluded by drowning a few of them. Pshaw! what sort of women must they be. We'd like to see him or any other man attempt to tackle our women's rights women or Sorosis sisters! What! wouldn't they squelch him, though!

GETTING POSTED.—Some editors don't care what they say of each other. There's the *Boston Post*, for instance, which insinuates that the editor of the *Memphis Avalanche* should be scalped and supplied with some "respectable brains." If it is not asking too much, might we inquire whether the *Post* man has any to spare?

SCHOOL.—Mrs. Randolph Ladd, of Springfield, Mass., has been elected a member of the City School Board and entered upon the discharge of the duties thereunto pertaining. There must be a great scarcity of *men* in that city when a mere *Ladd* is elected to such an office.

THE CONVICTS confined at Sing Sing gave a vocal and instrumental concert on New Year's Day, and are said to have "acquitted themselves creditably." If they *acquitted* themselves perhaps there's some vacant apartments in the Hotel de Sing.

WHAT IS IT?—Dickens says he "has no faith in the people (with a small p), but entire faith in the People (with a large P). Just so. But it will take a good many more big P's before the people can see the Pint (with a large P).

TIME.—Alderman Moore, of this city, recently won a $500 watch, which was put up at a raffle by Coroner Flynn. Will the ticker make the lucky Alderman more watch-ful of his constituents' interests?

OH, HUSH!—It is said in Berlin that King William has paid over $2,000,000 as hush money to deserted and indignant mistresses since 1850. Isn't that a pretty thing to say about a king?

THE GOOD PEOPLE of Green county, New York, boast of having a genuine baron to edit one of their newspapers. The paper *looks* barren as well as having a baron to edit it.

ONE AND A HALF MILLION of blanks has been ordered for this year's income returns. A great proportion of them will remain blanks.

IF, AS COMMISSIONER DELANO SAYS:—"Concealing whiskey is a crime," are there any who are not criminals in this city?

TYPE SETTING CHALLENGE.

At various times matches have been decided between members of the Typographical fraternity, who made pretensions to more than ordinary expertness in composition, or "setting up," but they were not of sufficient importance to command general attention. Among the thousands of Franklin's followers now engaged in the different newspaper, and book and job establishments of this city, are several who are credited with wonderful ability as "type stickers," and at the head of the list stands a young man named George Arenaberg, at present engaged on the *Sunday Mercury*, however, is determined to put to the test the pretensions of the Western wonder, or at least discover whether he will back up his claims with money, and to this end desires us to give publicity to the following challenge, in support of which he has left one hundred dollars:—

MR. GEO. S. BARBER, COMMERCIAL OFFICE, CINCINNATI, O.—SIR,—I propose to set one with you for ten hours, for a sum of $1,000—$200 a side. The type to be not larger than brevier nor smaller than agate. I will allow you $100 for expenses providing you come to New York, or the same to be allowed me if I visit Cincinnati. I have the day deposited $100 in the CLIPPER office, the same to be covered within two weeks, the trial to take place as soon as arrangements can be made. GEORGE ARENBERG.

TIMES OFFICE, NEW YORK, Jan. 14, 1870.

This will settle, once for all, what now appears to be a mooted question—whether the Cincinnatian is willing to make good his previous offers, or whether they were simply bombastic emanations. For the information of the general public we will state that a typo's ability is adjudged according to the number of "ems" set per hour. An "em" consists of the space used in indenting a paragraph and separating sentences, each line containing a certain number, varying according to the size of the type, and so many lines making a thousand. The average amount set per hour is eight hundred, while he who can set a thousand an hour, and "keep it up," is considered a most excellent compositor; but we are informed that each of the men above mentioned are capable of setting up from 1,500 to 2,000 per hour, for hours at a time, so that our readers can form an idea of their "playing strength," and look for extraordinary quick work when they are opponents in a match. Should the New Yorker's defi meet with a favorable reply, as we trust it will, there will be great interest manifested in the match by the stick and rule brigade throughout the country, who, we doubt not, will invest freely upon their perspective favorites. Let us have an answer without delay.

CLUBS TRUMPS.—A pair of tramps of the Union Club of this city had a set-to of words but not of blows the other evening while playing a game at cards. It seems that Mr. S. L. M. Barlow whispered to one of the players. A Mr. Parker, it is reported, resented this interference by calling the offending gentleman "a coward and poltroon." Mr. Barlow offered an apology, but it is said Mr. Parker refused to accept it, and there is much scandal in the fashionable clubs in consequence of the affair.

Squibs and Things.

— A Dutchman happening to meet a friend whom he thought was in California, the following conversation ensued:—"Vy hallo, ven did you got here? I dought you vas ond in dot Golden Shdate." "No, I'm here in dot New York Shdate." "Did you come der Pacific Roads der Blans ofer?" "No!" "Den you come der Isdmus agross?" "No!" "Ah! I see—you come der Horn arount?" "No!" "Oh! ho, now I know—you didn'd vas here yed."

— The oldest bank in Boston is the Massachusetts National, which was incorporated in 1784, and among the most ancient are the following:—Old Boston, incorporated 1803; State National, 1811; New England, 1813; Tremont, 1814; Suffolk, 1818; National Eagle, City and Columbian, 1822; Globe, 1824; North National and Washington, 1825; and Atlantic, 1828.

— A deer, voted during the holidays to be the prettiest lady attending a festival at Baldwin City, Missouri, has again been put up for festival suffrages at the same town. It has been awarded to a lady who takes it to Cincinnati. This has been a dear deer, for it first brought $35 and the next time $65, making a total of $100.

— On the 19th of December a Mr. Joseph Kidd died in Brunswick county, Va., aged one hundred and one years eleven months and twenty-four days. An exchange says:—"He is the oldest kid on record," but we are not sure he wasn't of that numerous class who are to be denominated "goats."

— Some one, said to belong to the imperial family of France, has been writing a life of the Devil. It is being published in three papers and is pronounced devilish clever. It ought to be, for the "prince" should "know whereof he speaks" if all accounts are true.

— An English thief lately returned an umbrella to the owner with the following note:—"This umbrellar has prade on my konshens ever sin I stole him." 'Twould be a good thing if a great many others than thieves should have their "konshens prade on."

— A mechanic living in this city wnes, was a few days ago m three fine little girls. Mr. D ently trying to live up to iply and replenish the earth

— The employees Miss Ida Lewis, o sented cream colored more ade of border of gold and co ith a nothing like leather." ere's

— A magician adve y to disappear from a tun i of fellers who could "do i g." Guess the only difficulty is in finding the fluid.

— Robert Bevington, a hog three years old whic s. It is nine feet long, six fe and four feet high." It's we can't tell which.

— A Frenchman has me a of a law requiring each n with a number, so as to fa a to do for the most part Johnnies other countries.

— The *N. O. Picayune*, in troupe, says its appearance a long, hot day—a brilliant legitimate." How very "it must be.

— The Albany penitentiary establishment. Guess it's al which yields so much profit sidered so unprofitable by stituted.

— At a late tournament it were so badly injured that t giri had her leg broken, an juries that it is doubtful if

— An advertiser in one o of a good "blind" painter. be a good mechanic. We men incapable of being "

— A California paper says recently killed there, contai gold." It must have been at or a small five thousand.

— Mrs. Mary Ann Rivers her suit for $3,500 damage der. The man Rivers, belo to overflow liberally.

— A dozen fish weirs h below Harrington Village, a ton have been caught New York, at $12 to $14 per

— "A lodge of female Od ganized at Toronto, Canada this bit of information; but a female can be an odd "fell

—Marshal Canrobert is s from softening of the bra whose brains are "institu seem to suffer much from it

— The Vermont rivers are in the spring. Albert D. H 50,000 eggs to be distributed soon as the ice breaks up.

— A lady in Northampton, Infancy of one of the weal received a Christmas prese and a hundred dollar bill.

— During the last session of matter were packed by each the expenses of the post offic more than its receipts.

— Mrs. Partington thinks "t malignant disease, as, accordin report, as many persons die of com- plaints together.

— Between Chambers street a nd of City Hall Park, New York, are near fi women who subsist by retailing peanuts, appl candles, etc., on the sidewalk.

— An exchange says:—"Madam Rattazi is a woman and the Empress Eugenie is another!" Well, who says they aren't? We've not heard of the sex of either being disputed.

— A Mrs. Metzel, of York, Pa., has prepared for burial during the year 1869 one hundred and forty-seven persons. What a cheerful occupation her's must have been!

— A Vermont dog lately got on the trail of a deer which he followed for thirty hours, when both dog and deer fell dead within a few feet of each other. So "they say."

— A bill has been introduced in Congress, making it a misdemeanor to use the mails for swindling purposes. Do they meant to have it as solely a female right then?

— The expenses of the U. S. post office department for the past year were $5,000,000 more than the receipts, while that of England yielded a profit of $23,000,000.

— A stock-raiser in Middle Haddam, Ct., recently imported from England five ewes and one ram, which cost him $2,000. The duties were over $200 in gold.

— A man and his wife who each kept a refreshment and fruit stand in Washington, cleared $50,000 during the war. May be they had a "sample room" back.

— Dr. Landis has been convicted in Philadelphia of selling obscene books. He has applied for a new trial, and is held in $4,000 to await the decision of the court.

— Horse thieves are very troublesome in Illinois. In Wabash county the citizens have organized a vigilance committee to protect the "animiles."

— A Connecticut church is about being "converted" into a railroad depot. Wonder whether there'll be more mammon serving in it than there was before.

— Three gentlemen of Chicago lately attempted to "interview" a perambulating thief. The result was "reported" from the barrel of a six shooter.

— The ladies in the Treasury Department at Washington who are employed in cutting up sheets of fractional currency are called "revenue cutters."

— An alderman of Montreal has just become father of the twenty-fifth child. If he isn't entitled to the name of city father we'd like to know who is.

— "P. T. Barnum sailed for Cuba on the 10th of January." Is he going to engage the Cuban revolution and invest in the show business again?

— Faber, the pencil maker, is too fat to walk alone. He has dead in "lead" so long that he's got to be "led" himself. A rather hefty subject.

— An expedition is about sailing from France

THE TURF.

THE AMERICAN TURF.

The Entries for the Stakes at Jerome Park, Saratoga and Baltimore.

The prosperous condition of the American turf is satisfactorily exemplified in the unprecedently numerous entries for the stakes at Jerome Park, Saratoga and Baltimore, which closed on January 1st and have just been announced. In these stakes we find the best racers now on the American turf engaged, and their meeting together in exciting contests of speed will be regarded with interest by all who love the "sport of kings."

The Lambard Stakes, (named in honor of Mr. C. A. Lambard, of Boston, a warm and liberal patron of the turf), is for three year olds, $500 entrance, $250 forfeit, with $3,000 added by the gentleman after whom it is named, and has twenty three entries. It will be run for over the Jerome Park Course during the fall meeting of this year, and is a single dash of two miles. The entries are as follows:—Tammany, Stamps, Maggie B. B., Rejected, Governor Bowie, W. R. Travers, Telegram, Nellie James, Finesse, Hilarity, Mary Foster, Fireball, Remorseless, Temptation, Hamburg, Seashlock, Midday, Lynchburg, Chillicothe, McCloskey, Foster, b. g. by Censor, dam The Gloamin, and br. f. by Australian, dam Dolly Morgan. Of this lot, the public performers at two years old were Stamps, Maggie B. B., Telegram, Finesse, Nellie James, Remorseless, Hamburg, Lynchburg, Midday, the Censor gelding and Chillicothe. Stamps, by Lexington out of Mildred, is owned by Mr. M. H. Sanford, and only ran once last season, but on that occasion she brilliantly distinguished herself. She came out at the Prospect Park Meeting against Lady Petry and Mr. Morris' gr. filly by Eclipse, in a two year old stake, three-quarters of a mile, carrying 97 pounds, and made a dead heat with Lady Petry in 1:19¼, repeating in the same time and winning the deciding heat. The high estimate her owner has of her is evidenced in the fact that he matched her against the renowned three year old Narragansett, confessedly the best colt of his year on the American turf, for the large stake of $10,000 a side, in a race of two mile heats, to be run at Baltimore this fall. Maggie B. B. has shown herself a wonderfully fast filly, for after winning at Lexington last fall she ran a close second to her stable companion Hamburg, at Cincinnati, in the fastest time (1:45) on record for a two year old, and subsequently beat him and a good field at Nashville. She is now in Captain Moore's stable, which, possessing also Foster and McCloskey, both untried but very promising, is likely to be highly formidable this season in three year old stakes. Mr. Belmont's trio, Telegram, Finesse and Nellie James, all proved themselves remarkably fast at two years old, and in the hands of their present trainer, Jacob Pincus, are certain to have their capabilities fully developed as three year olds. Hamburg's great performance at Cincinnati we have already noticed and his subsequent running clearly proves that this was not an exceptional feat, but that he is a colt of unusual speed and promise. Remorseless, Mr. Morris' flying filly, was the best two year old out last season. Her breeding is unexceptionable, being full sister to Ruthless, by Eclipse, out of Barbarity, and if she retains this year the wonderful turn of speed she possessed last season, and can stay over a distance, she is certain to be in the front at the finish. The stake for which the above are entered is a very valuable one, being worth $9,000 alone in forfeits in case of a walk over, while its value is proportionately increased if a good field of horses come to the post.

The Bowie Stakes for all ages, $500 subscription, half forfeit, with $2,000 added by the Maryland Jockey Club, is a four mile heat race, to be run at the Inaugural Meeting at Baltimore this fall. Eighteen horses are entered for this great race, which is one now so rare in this country, for four mile races are rapidly becoming extinct. These are Invercauld, Niagara, Pat Malloy, Plantagenet, Gen. Yorke, Abdel Kader, Kentucky, Gleneig, Legatee, Pontoon, Cavalier, Helmbold, Pleasureville, Vesuvius, Haywood, Maurice Douglas, Copeland and Carrie Atherton. Here we have all the best long-distance horses in the country engaged, and the race must be one of absorbing interest. The re-appearance of the world-famous Kentucky on the turf, on which his previous career was so brilliant and successful, will be hailed with gratification by the public, whose idol he was. He is now said to be perfectly sound, and numerous instances are on record of horses going to the stud and being successful on their return to the turf. When Col. Johnson's horse, Argyle, by Monsieur Tonson, won the three mile heat race at Baltimore, beating a good field, a three year old colt of his won on the same day and course. Should Kentucky stand his preparation all right, he will have many a staunch backer on the day of the race, despite the formidable field of opponents he will have to encounter.

At Saratoga, the Kenner Stakes, for three year olds, $500 entrance, $250 forfeit, with $3,000 added, has twenty-five entries. The distance is two miles, and the race is run at the second meeting at Saratoga this summer. The entries are almost identical with those in the Lambard Stakes at Jerome Park, the additions being Lady Petry, Engineer, Preakness, Eclipse, Belmont and Major, while Tammany, Midday and The Gloamin gelding are not in the Saratoga race. For the Kentucky Stakes at Saratoga, for two year olds, there are forty entries at $100 each, half forfeit, with $1,000 added, one mile. Kentucky has no less than seven of his progeny; Leamington, three; Lightning, two; Eclipse, four; Censor, five; Asteroid, two; Jerome, Edgar, three; Lexington, Eugene, War Dance, Daniel Boone, Revolver, Planetand Knight of St. George, one each, and three are imported.

The Entries for the Prospect Park Stakes.

The bright prospect for the trotting turf during the approaching season of 1870 is clearly foreshadowed in the unprecedented number of entries for the Colt Stakes at Prospect Park, which closed on New Year's day. Inspired by the hopes of a brilliant future for the interests of the trotting turf, arising out of the influence of the approaching Congress of Associations, owners of well bred and promising fast stock have unhesitatingly entered their young horses in the Colt Stakes at Prospect Park Course for the years 1870, 1871 and 1872. The Colt Stake for 1870 is for three year olds, the entrance being $150, with $250 added by the association, mile heats, in harness, to be trotted in the fall of the year. For this twenty-four colts and fillies are entered, sired by such well known trotting stallions as Hambletonian, Mambrino Patchen, Ashland, Golddust, Edward Everett, George Wilkes, Mambrino Pilot, Volunteer, Joe Hooker, Jupiter, Abdallah and other rising sires. The state of Kentucky has five representatives in the stake, while Massachusetts has three; New Jersey, two; Connecticut and Vermont, one each, and New York, ten. Out of so many entries it may be reasonably expected that at least one-third, or eighth, will come to the post, rendering the stake well worth winning, pecuniarily speaking, to the victor. For the Colt Stakes of 1871 and 1872, for colts and fillies foaled in 1868 and 1869 respectively, there are seventeen and eighteen entries, comprising the produce of the young stallions Messenger Duroc, Dictator (Dexter's full brother), Peacemaker, Thorndale, Paul and Idol. For the Four Year Old Stake, to be run this fall, there are fifteen entries, the produce of Golddust, Clark Chief, Layton's Harry Clay, Joe Downing, New Jersey, Rockey Hill, Superb Hambletonian, Jupiter Abdallah, Independent and Young America. The barring of Aberdeen and Blackwood, the fastest three year olds who appeared on the trotting turf last season, was, we think, impolitic, and deprives the race of the interest that would otherwise be attached to it. The refusal of other owners to enter if these two young cracks were allowed was the cause of their being excluded. With such numerous entries for these different stakes, the prospects of the trotting turf are decidedly brighter and more promising than at any previous period.

THE SPRING MEETINGS AT NEW ORLEANS AND JEROME PARK.—The Metairie and American Jockey Clubs have announced the fixtures of their spring meetings at New Orleans and Jerome Park respectively. The former meeting commences on Saturday, April 16th, and continues over six days. There are two races on each day, but the programme presents a great falling off in interest compared to last year. The gross injustice perpetrated by the judges last year in the Great State Stake, when Bayonet was distanced for alleged foul riding in the first heat of the four mile race, but, in reality, to gratify the personal animosity of the officials against his owner, has militated strongly against the interests of the New Orleans Meeting, and the present programme does not offer any great temptation to the owners of race horses. The Jerome Park Spring Meeting commences on Saturday, June 4th, and continues over the 7th, 9th and 11th of that month. There are four races on the first and second days; and five each on the third and fourth days. In the programme we notice a hurdle race and a steeple chase, the latter for a purse of $1,000; and on the closing day there is a match for $1,000 each, play or pay, between Mr. Belmont's ch. c. Fenian, 4 yrs., by Mickey Free, and Mr. J. J. O'Fallon's ch. c. Athlone, 4 yrs., by Lexington, mile heats. Fenian, it will be remembered, won the Belmont Stakes last spring, beating a large field, while Athlone was unsuccessful in the two races for which he started at Saratoga last summer. Still he is an improving and very high bred colt, and the race will be a very interesting one. The American Jockey Club appear to be opposed to four mile heat races, which are so popular with the public, for no event of this kind appears on the programme. That we possess plenty of horses able to run the distance is evidenced by the large entry of eighteen in the Bowie Stakes at Baltimore, a race of four mile heats.

THE FIRST TROTTING MEETING OF THE SEASON.—As usual, the Union Course, L. I., is the first in the field, Mr. Shaw, the proprietor, having announced the first trotting meeting of the season on that time honored track on the 24th, 25th, 26th and 27th of May. The system of giving regular meetings in the Spring and Fall, each lasting three or four days, with rich purses to be trotted for, has superseded the old custom of offering a series of insignificant purses extending over the entire season. By the new arrangement the best and fastest horses in the country are induced to enter and contend for the valuable purses that associations and proprietors are enabled to offer in consequence of the increased amount of public patronage they receive. The public love to witness fast trotting and will always support by their presence those meetings where the best horses are brought together. The Prospect Park Fair Grounds Association have announced their spring meeting for the first week in June, which is an unfortunate arrangement, for it conflicts with the Jerome Park Race Meeting, which is fixed for the same week. The Williamsport trotting meeting is held on the second week in June.

FAST TROTTING RACE IN CALIFORNIA.—A trotting match of four mile heats, for $800 came off on Dec. 31st, 1869, over the Golden Gate Track, San Francisco, which, if the time is correctly reported, was a wonderful performance, the heats being the fastest on record. The race was between Messrs. Chase and Bawley's sorrel gelding Longfellow, to wagon, and George Treat's chestnut stallion Venture, in harness. There was an immense attendance of spectators, and the track was in capital condition for trotting. In the betting Longfellow had the call at $100 to $75, and a heavy amount of money was invested at these odds. Longfellow won the first heat, in 10:42½, by three lengths, after having allowed Venture to lead a dozen lengths for the first three miles. The second heat was trotted in the same way, Longfellow, after indulging Venture with the lead for three miles, going in front and winning the heat and race in 10:34½. The last heat was trotted at the rate of 2:33¾ to the mile, which is an unprecedented performance.

RACING STATISTICS FOR 1869.—During the past year there were one hundred and thirteen races of mile heats in the United States. Herzog stands at the head of the list, having won five races at this distance; one of them in the fastest time on record, viz., 1:45, 1:43¾. Larkin won four; Ontario, Little Mack, Baffler, Corsican, Bettie Bay, Donovan and Cottrill are credited with three each; while Betty West, Biddy Malone, Coquette, Col. Roberts, John Kilgour, Kitty Free, Longitude, Maggie Dale, Metairie, Lizzie Foulinson, Morgan Scout, Plowman, Rabbi, Sue Doherty, Sandy Walton, Sue Morrisay and Versailles scored a couple of races each at this distance. Of races at all distances there were 332 run last year, being 51 less than in the previous year.

SALE OF A TROTTING TRACK.—Hampden Park, the well known trotting course, at Springfield, Mass., it is to be sold to defray the liabilities of the Agricultural Society of that town, which owns it. These liabilities amount to over $21,000; the association having in 1867 erected a splendid grand stand at a cost of $11,400. The receipts from the annual agricultural meetings held in the park since 1857 have proved insufficient to pay the expenses of interest, repairs of track and buildings, etc., and it is to be brought to the hammer.

DEATH OF A NEW YORK TURFMAN.—We regret to announce the sudden death of Mr. J. M. Cannon, of this city, a gentleman extensively known and respected on the turf and the proprietor of the Spingler House Hotel, in Union square. Judge Cannon, as he was generally termed, owned several racing and trotting horses, among the former the brood mare Kitty Hunt, bay colt, by imp. Stonepiover, etc. His death was wholly unexpected and took place on Friday, the 14th inst.

SALE OF THE THOROUGHBRED FIREBALL.—We learn that the Alabama turfman, Mr. William Cottrill, of Mobile, who owns the horses Daniel Boone, Cottrill, Carrie P., Cricket and others, has just purchased of Major Thomas, of Lexington, Ky., his promising grey colt, Fireball, by Lightning, out of Dixie (Herzog's dam), by imported Sovereign, for a large price. Fireball is three years old, and has several valuable engagements this season.

NONPAYMENT OF TROTTING PURSES.—At the New England Horse Fair, held at Portland, Me., last fall, three of the purses trotted for were won by the horses of Mr. Henry Hall, of Boston. Only one of these purses has been paid, but the other two, amouting to $500, have been refused, for some reason, by the society. Mr. Hall has, in consequence, taken steps to recover the amount by sueing the association.

AQUATICS.

ATALANTA BOAT CLUB.—The twenty-third annual election of this crack rowing club was held at their boat-house, foot of Christopher street, on Tuesday evening, 11th inst., when the following officers were chosen for the ensuing year:—President, Ransom Parker, Jr.; Vice President, William H. Webster; Secretary, James W. Edwards; Treasurer, Charles Devoe; Board of Trustees, George F. Busselle, John King, L. Waterbury, Seth H. Noyes and the Vice President; Delegates to the Hudson Amateur Rowing Association, Dr. Withers, J. W. Edwards and John King; Committee on Repairs and Supplies, Miles W. Standish, George B. Springsteen and W. C. Mainland; Captain, Russel Withers, M. D.; Lieutenant, William C. Mainland. The annual reports of the various committees afford evidence of their prosperity, and with a full roll of active and honorary members, containing the names of many amateurs well known to fame; a house full of every variety of boats, from the six oared racing shell to the 17 foot working boat, it would seem to be no very difficult task for them to maintain, unimpaired, their excellent rowing reputation. The elegant champion colors of the Hudson Amateur Rowing Association are now conspicuous among the many trophies of their boathouse. The club, with great reluctance, assented to the retirement of Commodore David Banks, Jr., who has been President for several years. In a neat speech he assured them that as "high private" he would still be heart and soul an Atalanta, and with them in all their efforts and undertakings. A committee of five was appointed to draft a set of resolutions expressing the club's appreciation of his exertions in advancing their welfare and good name.

HAMILL AND COULTER.—In the Pittsburgh *Leader* of Jan. 9th, Henry Coulter announced his willingness to row Walter Brown for the championship and from $1,000 to $3,000 on the Monongahela river, and the following appears in the same journal of the 10th inst., by which it will be seen that Hamill contemplates re-entering the lists:—

"Jimmy Hamill, the oarsman, called on us last night and informed us of his intention of rowing in the regatta proposed to come off on the Monongahela next spring. In case Walter Brown does not enter in the regatta or accept Coulter's challenge to row, or in case the regatta should prove a failure (which is not likely from present appearances), Hamill desires us to state he will row Coulter early in the spring. Hamill was accompanied by two friends, who expressed their willingness to back him for five hundred dollars against Coulter. It is likely we may have the privilege of witnessing another trial between the old rivals before many months have passed."

VESPER BOAT CLUB.—This Yonkers, N. Y., organization elected their officers for the present year recently, the gentlemen selected being as follows:—Wm. McFarlane, President; W. A. Carr, Vice President; Charles Keeler, Secretary; James T. Howland, Treasurer; Thos. Fearon, Captain; C. Shipman, Geo. Watt, Benjamin Mason and Thos. Fearon, Trustees; Geo. Watt, Charles Keeler and Benjamin Mason, Delegates to Hudson Amateur Rowing Association. Everything augers well for the approaching season with the Vespers, and the energy displayed by them in the past is a guarantee that the anticipations indulged in will be realized.

PALISADE BOAT CLUB.—On the evening of the 10th inst. the members of this club held their annual meeting at the residence of Jas. G. Woodworth, when the following officers were chosen to serve during the ensuing year:—President, E. A. Rollins; Vice President, M. F. Rowe; Secretary, J. G. Woodworth; Treasurer, J. G. P. Holden; Trustees, J. E. Millard, M. F. Rowe, J. G. P. Holden, Geo. Frazier and I. D. Cole. This club is reported to be in a very prosperous condition, and the prospects for the future are gratifyingly bright.

EXCELSIOR BOAT CLUB.—At the annual election held by this club on the 11th inst., at Harlem, N. Y., the following officers were chosen:—President, George Smith, Jr.; Vice President, James White; Secretary, Thos. E. Burrett; Treasurer, James Moylan; Trustees, Robt. Ellis, Thos. Connelly, John Moylan, John Garman; Property Clerk, George Smith, Jr.

THE COLUMBIA BOAT CLUB intend to indulge in terpsichorean festivities on the evening of Jan. 26th, with their lady and male friends, which will be a very enjoyable affair, no doubt. President Hashagen and the members are heartily thanked for an invitation to "handle the spruces."

THE TRIGGER.

ARISTOCRATIC PIGEON SHOOTING AT JEROME PARK

BY THE AMERICAN JOCKEY CLUB.

The members of the American Jockey Club have recently formed themselves into a "sportsman's club" for the enjoyment of pigeon shooting, in order to divert the long winter's inaction before the resumption of racing in the spring. The club can boast of some excellent shots, and their field days, which are held weekly, are occasions of general enjoyment alike to the spectators and the participants. The second re-union of the members (for the club has only recently been organized) took place on Wednesday, the 12th inst., at Jerome Park, and there was a good muster of the aristocratic knights of the trigger assembled to enjoy the day's sport. The weather was delightful, the sun shining warm and bright and the air being as mild and genial as on a day in June. The shooting ground is located in the enclosure between the stables and the upper end of the three-quarter mile course and is well adapted for the purpose. The boundary, eighty yards from the traps, is properly staked off, so that there is no trouble in measuring doubtful birds. Hand Traps, five in number, are employed and the throwing of a die decides the number of the trap the shooter has to shoot his bird from, whether it is the first trap, second, third, or so on. By this arrangement the trapper cannot favor any particular shooter, if so inclined, by giving him a poor bird to fire at, and thus perfect impartiality is secured. The best and strongest pigeons are supplied the club by the purveyor, and we have never seen faster flyers than the birds that were trapped on the present occasion.

The sport commenced with a match between Messrs. A. Belmont and S. Knapp at five birds each. Mr. Knapp missed the first two, but brought down the next three in sportsmanlike style, winning the match by one bird. A second match at two birds each between the same gentlemen was also won by the previous victor, who killed both his birds, while his competitor failed to secure either of the two he shot at.

The next match was between Messrs. M. H. Sanford and W. Parkes, at five birds each, which resulted in a tie, each killing two. In the shooting off, Mr. Sanford, who killed his three birds in succession in superb style, was successful, Mr. Parkes missing his third bird after killing the two others. A match between Messrs. Sanford and Constable followed, at three birds each, which was won by the latter gentleman by one bird.

A sweepstakes shooting, $10 each, with the condition that the winner paid for the birds, followed. Seven gentlemen entered, to shoot at five birds each, and the contest was productive of the greatest interest and excitement. It resulted in a tie between Messrs. Sanford and Sheppard Knapp, both killing four birds out of five. These two gentlemen then shot off their tie, and amid considerable excitement Mr. Sanford came off victorious. He shot with the newly introduced Boyd's American breech-loader, which, for simplicity of construction, strength and precision of shooting, and impossibility of getting out of order, bids fair to supersede all breech-loaders of foreign manufacture.

A match between Messrs. Lumbard and George Alley, which followed the sweepstakes shooting, was productive of great amusement, the former, after repeated efforts, killing his bird and winning the match. We give the score of the sweepstakes:—

Knapp	0 1 1 1 1—9	Belmont	0 0 0 0 0
Constable	1 0 0 1 1—8	Barclay	1 0 1 1 0
Sanford	0 1 1 1—0 1	Heckaber	0 0 1 0 0
Parkes	0 0 0 1 1		

MATCH FOR TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS.—During the progress of the shooting match at Jerome Park Mr. Parkes offered to match his son, a youth of twenty years, against any gentleman of the club for $1,000 a side, to shoot at ten double birds and fifteen single. The challenge was accepted by Mr. Sheppard Knapp and the match comes off at Jerome Park on May 1st.

QUAIL IN NEW JERSEY.—There have been scarcely any shot this season on account of the new game laws of New Jersey, which forbid shooting of quail and grouse for three years, under a heavy penalty, without a written permission from the owners of the land on which you wish to shoot; and as the winter thus far has been very mild, there will probably be plenty of birds next fall.

COCKING.

THE SPORT IN NEW JERSEY.

Three Matches Fought.

On Tuesday, the 11th inst., there was a numerous gathering of the lovers of this exciting sport in a well known pit in New Jersey, to witness three matches that had been arranged between some prominent fanciers. This season there has been considerable difficulty in the arrangement of important mains, and to gratify their love for their favorite sport shake-bag fights and single handed matches have been entered into. The first match was between two 3lb 15oz. chickens belonging to George Buckart, of New Jersey, and Sandy Eckerson, of New York, two well known fanciers and handlers, for $100. Eckerson produced a black red from Long Island, and the Jersey representative a spangle, the latter having the call in the betting at $20 to $14. At first the favorite had the advantage, but the black red was a real game bird, an', although he had received a throat cut, he fought in such slashing style that he soon caused the Jersey bird to show the white feather and run. New York won in 9 minutes.

The second match was between two New York birds, for $100, John Boyd showing a grey and A. Christie a black red, each 4lbs 9oz. The grey was the favorite at $20 to $15, and he won in clever style in 4 minutes.

The third match was between Long Island and New York, A. Christie, on behalf of the latter, showing a pile, 3lbs 13oz., and J. McGrath a black red 3lbs 12oz. The pile was slightly the favorite, and after a rattling fight of 15 minutes he was hailed the winner, the New York proving a runaway.

A MAIN was arranged at Schenectady, N. Y., on the 12th inst., between that place and Rotterdam, each side to show eleven cocks and fight for $50 each battle and $100 the odd. It is to be fought at Schenectady on Thursday evening, Jan. 27th.

PEDESTRIANISM.

THE GATESHEAD CLIPPER DEFEATS ROGERS.—A four mile race (19 leaps, less 9 yards, around the ground) took place at the Star grounds, Fulham, Eng., on Dec. 27th, between J. White, of Gateshead, and Bob Rogers, of Chelsea, for a stake of £50. White is 5ft. 2¾in. in stature, about 35 years of age, and upon the present occasion scaled 111lbs., whilst Rogers is 5ft. 6¾in., is 33 years old this month and weighs 126lbs. This is Rogers' first essay at this distance, he being a well known mile and 880 yards runner, holding the title of Champion of London at the latter distance, whilst the exploits of White (better known as the Gateshead Clipper) have already become a matter of history, he having run the fastest three, four, five, six and seven miles at one start. At about half-past three o'clock both men appeared upon the mark, Rogers having the assistance of C. Perry, whilst E. Jones esquired the Gateshead representative. Both men looked well, but the Clipper would have been benefitted by another fortnight, as he makes flesh rapidly and requires a tremendous amount of work to get fit; whilst the Chelsea man was a trifle too fine. Mr. Fox (the proprietor) with very little delay fired the pistol and both men dashed off, Rogers with about half a yard the best of the start. The old 'un, however, ere they had gone a dozen yards, rushed to the front and at the first lap held a lead of about a yard and a half. This he doubled ere he reached the referee again. At the third circuit he still further increased his advantage, and at the first mile (time, 8min. 1¾sec.) was half a dozen yards in front. Moving along with his old sweeping stride, White inch by inch increased his advantage and at the half distance (time, 10min. 14sec.) he was 40 yards in advance of Rogers, who now began to unmistakably tire. He still kept on, however, but at the third mile, which was covered by White in 15min. 34sec., any odds were offered on the Clipper, who seemed almost as fresh as when he started and had left his opponent more than two hundred yards in the rear. The Chelsea man kept on for another lap, but upon reaching the 220 yards mark in the 16th lap he was compelled to give up, having traversed four yards less than four miles and a quarter. White still kept on the even tenor of his way and completed the whole of the distance in 21min. 16sec. F. Richardson acted as referee.

FOUR MILES HANDICAP.—On the 27th ult., a four miles handicap was the main attraction at the Prince of Wales grounds, Bow, London, Eng., which Golder ultimately won by eight yards, Brighton third, about 60 yards in the rear of Swyer. Time, 21 min. 8 sec.

On the following day there was a good muster at the same grounds, to witness the race in which J. Brighton, of Norwich, allowed J. Ross, of Holloway, 200 yards start in four miles, for £10 a side. In the eleventh lap, Brighton drew alongside his opponent, and the race was now virtually over, for, although Ross continued running, it was evident he had no chance, and at the Grand Stand in the thirteenth lap he retired.

AN AGED PEDESTRIAN.—A farmer in Kent County, Mich., at the age of 68, walked from near Muskegon to Grand Rapids, a distance of thirty-five miles, in a little less than eight and one-half hours, a good share of the way being over either a clay or muck road, with the mud nearly ankle deep. This "walkist" has not in over forty years lasted specimens of multi liquors of any kind, or wine, or even cider, tea or coffee, but has been very regular in his habit of smoking tobacco during a goodly portion of his waking hours for about fifty years.

JACK GOULDING AND JAS. MILES have been walking for stamps at a saloon on St. Charles street, New Orleans. An exchange states that Miles gave up after walking twenty-six hours. Goulding kept on and finished the allotted task at midnight on the 11th inst., at which time a large number of persons were present, "this sort of thing" being new in that section.

WALKER AND BEAVER were advertised to run 100 yards for $200, at Cincinnati, on the 15th inst., the former forwards and the latter backwards. Beaver talks of tackling any man in the States or Canadas in a dash of 100 yards, but he hasn't taken the proper method of effecting a match.

SKATING.

ANOTHER MILD SPELL.—In our last we chronicled the fact of the resumption of skating in the vicinity of the metropolis on the 10th. The sport was of short duration, however. Before our paper had gone to press on the night of the 10th, the weather had moderated, and on the 11th, the ponds were again closed. Since then the "etherial mildness," spoken of by the poet, has been with us muchly. Rain and sunshine have had full swing, and just now the temperature is more like that of April than January.

THE CHAMPION.—Callie Curtis, who won the gold and diamond medal, was at the Detroit rink last week, meeting great success. Callie writes us that he will be in New York before long. We can assure him a hearty welcome.

A BOGUS CHAMPION.—A fellow named Comstock has been personating Callie Curtis at a number of places this winter. In Detroit he imposed upon the rink folks and obtained $50 on the strength of an engagement. Look out for the fraud.

THE BUFFALO SKATING RINK is to be the scene of a grand carnival and masquerade on the evening of the 19th inst., providing the weather is favorable. Eugene Pratt has been the first star to put in an appearance there this season.

CURLING.—QUEBEC VS. MONTREAL.—On the 13th inst., the Thistle Club, of Montreal, and the Quebec Club, of Quebec, Canada, played for one of the medals of the Royal Caledonia Club, of Scotland, eight of the Thistles going to Quebec, and an equal number of the Quebecs going to Montreal. The rival rinks were as follows:—

Thistle.	*Quebec.*
Andrew Allan—Skip.	Wm. Hodie—Skip.
Robert Mule,	Thos. Brock,
David Greenshields,	Benj. Rousseau,
J. G. Shipway—20.	A. Fraser—25.
Jas. McDougall—Skip.	Jno. Blaser—Skip.
David Mair,	Alex. Brodie,
John Binmore,	John L. Gibb,
Thos. Whitehead—23	William Ray—32.

The Quebecers won in Montreal by 14 shots, and at home by 8 shots. In the evening the members of the Quebec Club were entertained at dinner at the Cosmopolitan by the Thistles.

EFFECT OF NEGLIGENT SHOOTING.—In Bureau County, Ill., last week, a young man who had been out hunting stopped at the house of a Swede, where a young man sat reading, when he raised his gun, and, in a sportive manner, said:—"Your money or your life," and pulled the trigger. The gun was discharged, the charge of shot penetrated the young man's temple and came out at the back of his head. The victim of this carelessness lived only a day or two after this accident.

AN IRISH WITNESS.—In the course of a case heard in one of the courts at Dublin, the other day, a witness was called, who was asked whether he did nothing at his mill but "grind corn for the public." Witness:—"Why, what should there be in it?" Mr. Johnstone:—"Had you ever any illicit malt there?" Witness:—"Ha! ha!" (Laughter.) Mr. Johnstone:—"Did you ever make any potteen whisky in it?" Witness:—"What has that to do with this case?" Mr. Johnstone:—"Will you answer the question?" Witness:—"No; do you want me to condemn myself?" (Laughter.) Mr. Johnstone:—"You won't answer the question?" Witness:—"No; if I did you might transport me." (Laughter.)

NOT VERSED IN HERALDRY.—An English woman of rank, remarkable for having a high sense of her own dignity, being one day detained in her carriage by the unloading of a cart of coals, in a very narrow street, leaned both her arms upon the door and asked the man:—"How dare you, sir, stop a woman of quality in the street?" "Woman of quality," said the man. "Yes, fellow!" rejoined the lady; "don't you see my arms upon the carriage?" "Yes, I do indeed," he replied, "and a pair of coarse arms they are, too!"

MISCHIEF MAKERS.—How calm the mind, how composed the affections, how serene the countenance, how melodious the voice, how sweet the sleep, how contentful the whole life, of him that neither devises mischief against others, nor suspects any to be contrived against himself; and, contrariwise, how ungrateful and loathsome a thing it is to abide in a state of enmity, wrath, dissension; having the thoughts distracted with sollicitous care, anxious suspicion and envious regret.

AN ACCOMMODATING JUDGE.—An Oregon judge having granted a decree of divorce while the attorney for the defendant was absent from court, when the latter came in he began to remonstrate, but the judge cut him short by saying, "Come, now, Jerry, you can't argue a case that's been decided; but if you must have a blow, the court can marry the parties over again and let you have a crack at it."

A DEFINITION OF STEAM.—On board a Canadian steamboat an old lady said to a very pompous looking gentleman who was talking about a communication, "Pray, sir, what is steam?" "Steam, ma'm, is—ah, steem is—eh! ah—steem is steam." "I knew that—but you couldn't tell ye," said a rough looking fellow standing by, "but steam is a bucket of water in a tremendous perspiration."

INDIGNANT REFUSAL.—One of our smallest business men—a little bit of a fellow—at the dinner table of his hotel a few days ago, was jokingly proposing marriage to a fat woman about six times his size. "No!" indignantly replied the big woman, "when I marry I don't want to get a man so small that I'll have to shake the bed in the morning to find him."

PARALLEL.—Tom H., whose ability to comprehend verbal distinctions is about equal to that of Mrs. Partington, met his friend, Colonel H——, one day, and informed him that their mutual friend Steven's was very sick and probably would not recover, as both his legs below his knees were parallel. Tom meant paralyzed.

POSTERIOR JUSTICE.—Mr. Justice Page was renowned for his ferocity upon the bench. While going the circuit, a facetious lawyer named Crowe was asked if "the judge was not just behind?" "I don't know," said Crowe, "but if he is, I am sure he was never just before."

AMUSEMENTS.

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MONDAY, JANUARY 17, 1870,
EVERY NIGHT AND SATURDAY MATINEE,
the new, grand, never equaled Comic Pantomime,
BUCK! HOW MANY HORNS; BUCK!
OR, GOLD AT 165.
EVERYTHING ENTIRELY NEW. SUPERB SCENERY
NEVER EQUALED. NEVER EQUALED.
TRANSFORMATION, APPROPRIATE COSTUMES, BRILLIANT ILLUMINATIONS, CHARACTERISTIC MUSIC.
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ROBERT BUTLER
As
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J. W. Wesley.....as.....Pantaloon
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Mlle. La Rose.....as.....Columbine
Comedy and Drama to begin and end. 42-1t

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CROWDED NIGHTLY.
SECURE YOUR SEATS TO AVOID STANDING ROOM.
DAY SAME OLD DIY BUILL BODDERS UB.
DAN BRYANT AND DAVE REED
in their immensely popular Plantation Song and Dance,
SHOO FLY, DONT BODDER ME.
SHOO FLY, DONT BODDER ME.
ENCORED NIGHTLY. ENCORED NIGHTLY.
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THE PORTRAIT.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

The Grecian sculptor, in the days of old,
Fashioned from out his virid fancy's mould
A form of beauty, lovely e'en as she
Who sprang all perfect from the foaming sea,
To crown the sculptor's work a glorious whole
Was wanted, but the animating soul—
Pitying, placed upon the marble form,
And strove, with many a fond caress, to warm
The frigid beauty into life; the vain—
She coldly gazes on his bosom's pain.
Wildly he calls upon the gods for aid—
Still all unmoved remains the marble maid.
At length kind Venus, pitying, grants his pray'r,
And animates with soul the lovely fair;
She wakes to life beneath his burning kiss,
And, blushing, seals th' expectant lover's bliss;
A breathing woman, with a thousand charms,
Melts into enraptured Phidias' arms.

I sit thought-wrapt in my lonely room,
While round me gathers the twilight's gloom;
I gaze upon thy portrait till my brain
Reels with a thousand fancies; ah! 'tis vain—
My fervid kiss, my fond heart's wild endearment,
Nor mere unguents of the Attic Elsie's fire,
Cannot restore to me the loved one's face
That on my heart hath left a burning trace.
Like Phidias I lavish on a stone
Such kisses as are meant for lips alone
Of flesh and blood; but oh! 'tis useless all,
For, unlike him, I work no miracle.

Sweet eyes! how pensive in the light so dim,
Although not wholly of the seraphim;
That saintly air—that look demure—
Beneath lurks a true woman's heart, be sure,
And howsoe'er some writers would cajole ye,
No woman would be taken for an angel wholly.

Oh, welcome, gentle night!—dear mother night!—
Quick spread thy pall above my weary sight.
Ah! since my senses in urge uselessness;
In dreams, at least, I can thy form caress—
Strain thee wildly to this aching breast.
Look, love, into thine eyes, where shines confest
An answering passion, oh, Elysian bliss,
And waft my soul forth in a clinging kiss!

EDWARD COLEMAN.

THE RAVING TRAGEDIAN.

The following anecdote of Cooke, was told by Mathews, the mimic, to a company of friends in a steamboat, among whom was Wm. Dunlap, author of the History of the American Theatre, from which the extract is taken.

Seated in the captain's cabin, and freed from all annoyance, Mathews became, as usual, the fiddle of the company, and story, anecdote, imitation, and song poured from him with the rapidity and brilliancy of the stars which burst from a rocket on a rejoicing night. To make himself still more agreeable to the senior, he introduced the memoirs of George Frederick, with that flattery which is delicious to all men, and peculiarly so to an author. "The story of Cooke and Mrs. Burns," he added, "you have told remarkably well, and when I have introduced it in my *Youthful Days*,' I have always taken your words; but Tom Cooper, from whom, as I understand, you had it, forgot the termination of the story, which makes the anecdote infinitely more dramatic." All joined in the request that Mathews would tell the story in his own way, and he, nothing loath, began:—

"I was a raw recruit in the Thespian corps, and it was my first campaign to Dublin. Chance made me a fellow-lodger with Cooke, at the house of Mrs. Burns. I had looked at the great actor with an awful reverence, but had not yet been honored by any notice from him. One night, on getting to Mackin's tavern, I saw in Modo' I had been cast for a Beau Mordecai, and assuredly a more unfit representative of the *little Jew* can scarcely be imagined. As tall as I now am, I had then all the rawboned awkwardness of a *hobbledehoy*, and no knowledge of the world or of the stage. But Mr. Cook must be shown to the Dublin public in Sir Archy, and there was no other Mordecai to be had. I was, however, perfect in the words; and if I murdered the Jew I did it impartially; I murdered him every inch.'

"After the farce, I *tarried*, as you Yankees say, *a considerable time* at the theatre, rather choosing to linger among the almost expired dripping candles of the dressing rooms than to seek, through mist and mud, my lofty, but comfortless abode in Mrs. Burns' garret, but the property man gave me my cue to depart by turning out the lights, as slowly mounting to my bed, when, as I passed the room of the great man I saw him (the door being open) sitting with a jug before him, indulging after the labors of the evening. I was stealing by and had already one foot on the flight of stairs which led to my exalted apartment, when I was arrested by a loud, high-pitched voice, crying 'Come hither, young man.' I could scarcely believe my senses; I hesitated. 'Come in, sir,' said the awful voice. I advanced. 'Shut the door and sit down.' I obeyed. He assumed an air of courtesy and called upon Mistress Burns for another tumbler filled for himself and me.

"'You will be so kind, my good Mistress Burns, as to bring another pitcher of whiskey punch in honor of our friend.' 'To be sure and I will, Mr. Cooke.' The punch was brought, and a hot supper, an unusual thing, was for me. After supper the veteran, quite refreshed and at ease, chatted incessantly of plays and players—lashing some, commending others—while I, delighted to be thus honored, listened and laughed; thus playing naturally and sincerely the part of a most agreeable companion. After the third jug of punch I was sufficiently inspired to ask a few questions, and even to praise the acting of the veteran.

"To use your words, as I have often before done," said Mathews, addressing himself to the biographer, "one jug of whiskey punch followed the other:" and Cooke began to advise his young companion how to conduct himself on the real and on the mimic scene of life. 'You are young, and want a friend to guide you. Talent you have; but talent without prudence is worthless, and may be pernicious. Take my word for it, there is nothing can place a man at the head of his profession but industry and sobriety. Mistress Burns!—Shun sobriety as you would shun destruction. Mistress Burns! another jug of whiskey punch, Mistress Burns.'

"'Oh, Mister Cooke'—

"'You make it so good, Mistress Burns; another jug.'

"'Yes, Mister Cooke.'

"'In our profession, my young friend, dissipation is the bane of hundreds; villainous company!—low company leads to drinking; and the precious time is lost which should have been employed in gaining that knowledge which alone can make them respectable. Ah! thank you, Mistress Burns; this has the true Hibernian smack!'

"'You may say that, Mr. Cooke.'"

It is needless to remind the reader that with the aid of Mathew's powers of imitation, sometimes called ventriloquism in this humbugging world, all this and much more would be extremely pleasant, and the more especially as the company had repeated supplies of the same inspiring beverage from the steward, and almost as good; certainly as strong as that of Mrs. Burns'.

Mathews went on to describe the progress of Cooke's intoxications, during which his protests against drunkenness became stronger with each glass. He then undertook to instruct the tyro in the histrionic art, and especially in the manner of exhibiting the passions. Here it would be in vain to endeavor to follow Mathews. Cooke's grimaces and voice—while his physical powers, under the government of whiskey, rebelled at every effort against the intention of the lecturer—were depicted by the mimic in a manner beyond the conception of even those who have seen the public exhibition of his talents; here all was unrestrained gig and fun, and the painting truly *con amore* and glowing from heart and glass.

"It must be remembered," continued Mr. Mathews, that I was but a boy, and Cooke in the full vigor of manhood, with strength of limb and voice Herculean. I had the highest reverence for his talents, and literally stood in awe of him; so that when he made his horrible faces, and called upon me to name the passions he had depicted, I was truly frightened—overwhelmed with the dread of offending him, and utterly at a loss to distinguish one grimace from another, except as one was *more* and another *most* savage and disgusting.

"'Now, Sir—observe—what's that?'

"'Revenge—'

"'Revenge, You Booby! Pity! pity!'

"Then, after making another hideous contortion of countenance, he cries:—

"'What is that, sir?'

"'Very fine sir, very fine indeed.'

"'But *what* is it, sir?'

"Forced to answer and utterly unable to guess the meaning of the distorted face which he then again thrust before me, I stammered out:—

"'Anger, sir.'

"'Anger!'

"'Yes sir, anger to be sure.'

"'To be sure you are a blockhead! Look again, sir, look again! It's fear, sir—fear. You play! you a player!'

Mathews then exhibited the face of Cooke, as he distorted it to express the tender passion—a composition of Satanic malignity and the brutal leering of a drunken satyr—and imitating Cooke's most discordant voice:—

"'There, sir, that's love.'

"This," continued Mathews, "was more than I could bear; even my fears could not restrain my laughter—I roared. He started at first; but immediately assuming a more serious aspect, he cried:—

"'What do you laugh at, sir? Is George Frederick Cooke to be made a laughing-stock for a booby! What, sir!'

"Luckily, at that moment, Mrs. Burns stood with the door partly opened and another jug in her hands. 'You must pardon me, sir,' I said, with a quickness which must have been the inspiration of whiskey, 'that you happened to turn your soft and langhishing look towards the door just as Mrs. Burns opened it, and I could not but think of the dangerous effect of such a look upon her sex's softness.'

"He laughed, and, embracing the jug as the good woman put it down, he looked at Mrs. Burns, and, with some humor, endeavored to sing, *'How happy could I be with either, were t'other dear charmer away,'* but with a voice which defies art and nature for a comparison.

"Mistress Burns now protested against any more punch; but, after some time, agreed, upon Cooke's solemn promise to be satisfied with one more jug, to bring it.

"'But remember your honor, Mister Cooke; and *that* is the jewel of a gentleman; and sure you have pledged it to me, you have.'

"'I have, my good Mistress Burns; and it is the immediate jewel of the soul,' as you say.'

"'I said no such thing; but I'll be as good as my word; and one more jug you shall have, and the divil a bit more, jewel or no jewel.'

"I was nearly tired by this time and placed my hope on Mrs. Burns' resolution. The last jug came and was finished, and I wished him good night.

"'Not yet, my dear boy.'

"'It's very late, sir.'

"'Early, early—one jug more.'

"'Mrs. Burns will not let us have it, sir.'

"'She will; not! I'll show you that presently!'

Then followed a fine specimen of imitation—Mathews, as Cooke, calling upon Mrs. Burns (who was in the room below and in bed), and then giving her answers as coming up through the floor in the manner called ventriloquism.

"'Mistress Burns! Do you hear, Mistress Burns?'

"'Indeed, *and I do*, Mister Cooke.'

"'Bring me another jug of whiskey punch, Mistress Burns.'

"'Indeed, and *I won't*, Mister Cooke!'

"'You won't?'

"'Indeed and indeed, *so I won't!*'

"'Do you hear that, Mistress Burns?' (smashing the jug on the floor).

"'Indeed *and I do*, and you'll be sorry for it to-morrow.'

He then regularly took the chairs, one by one and broke them on the floor immediately over Mrs. Burns' head, after every crash crying, "Do you hear that Mistress Burns?" and she as regularly answering, "Indeed *and I do*, Mister Cooke." He next opened the window and threw the looking glass into the street.

"I stood," continued Mathews, 'in a state of stupid amazement during this scene; but now attempted to make my escape, edging towards the door and making a long stride to gain the garret stairs.

"'Come back, sir! Where are you going?'

"'To bed, sir.'

"'To bed, sir! What, sir! desert me! I command you to remain, on your allegiance! Desert me in time of war! Traiter!'

"I now determined to make resistance and, feeling got-valiant, looked big, and boldly answered:

"'I will *not* be commanded! I *will* go to bed!'

"'Aha!' cried the madman in his highest key, 'Aha! do you rebel? Caitiff! wretch! murderer!'

"He advanced upon me and I shrank to nothing before his flashing eye. 'Murderer!' and seized me by the collar with Herculean grip, 'You will go! I will send you to the place you are fittest for! Murderer, I'll drag you to your doom! I'll give you up to Fate! Come along, caitiff!' and he dragged me to the open window, vociferating, 'Watch! watch! murder! murder!' in his highest and loudest key.

"Immediately the rattles were heard approaching in all directions, and a crowd instantly collected. He continued vociferating 'Watch! watch! murder!' until the rattles and exclamations of the watchmen almost drowned his stentorian voice.

"'What's the matter? who's kill? who's murdered? Where's the murderer?'

"'Silence!' screamed Cooke; 'hear me!' All became hushed. Then, holding me up to the window, the raving tragedian audibly addressed the crowd:—'In the name of Charles Macklin, I charge this culprit, Charles Mathews, with the most foul, cruel, deliberate, and unnatural murder of the unfortunate Jew, Beau Mordecai, in the farce of of 'Love a la Mode.' Then, pulling down the window, he cried, 'Now go to bed, you booby! go to bed! go to bed! go to bed!'"

The steamboat party remained together until near morning and then retired to rest. Let it not be supposed that they imitated the folly of the hero of the above tale because whiskey punch has been mentioned. The evening, or night, was one of real interchange of mind, heightened by the peculiar powers and habits of the very extraordinary histrionic artist who gave this instance of Cooke's eccentric and pernicious propensities.

VALKING UB BROADWAY.—No. 18.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY OOFTY GOOFT.

Shariey, der New Year dot's here und der Olt Year is gone, and shdill der Vorld moves on chused der same—efery von he is lookin for der bead of id, und eferypody he is dryin to got der bead of eferypody else. Ven ve are leedie roosders ve look aheat for der New Year to came, cause ve know dot id vill pring Sandy Klaus mit id, und ve cound almosd der minnids dill der dime comes for us do hung up our shdockings. Und efen after dey are hung up und ve are in der bed mit our shnoods covered up, ve can't gid ashleep for a couple hours mit dinkering vat ve are goin to got. Ven der mornin does come, vat a crand rush ve make for der shdockings, und how enxsiousness ve draw dem insite oud to saw vat Sandy pringed us—New Years prings a New Year of course, but Shariey, dot's oney anodder lease of drouble, drial und vexashions. I don'd dink I'm feelin righd shmard dis mornin.

Shariey, dis is a funny world, ain'd it? Jusd now, ven dot carman's horse shlibbed down, oney one or dwo runned oud indo der mut do helluo him gid his boor oil horse ub. Of id had hebbened do been some fine roosder's horse vat had blendy money on it, I dinks, it almosd so good, or id had been such a horse of dot color. Den ven vood hafe saw a grand rush—der shdreet vood hafe peen full mit beeple und efery von vood hafe been full mit pissness like der dooce. I dell you, Shariey, of you god der Shbondooleys you are all righd—you can go any blace, gid anyding you vand, do anyding you hafe a mint do, und nopody vill dat der first bardickle of fauld mit you, but you vind god der shoogar! look oud. Gedtlemal Dungbelder, dot does in on der Fifd afenue, can gid oud on dis Broadvay, raise der doose und von ding anoder, und beeple shmile und say, "He's der funniest feller in der vorld ven he's in liquor," bud of Coonrod Katzenshdein, his coachman, shood acd like dot id vood be differend—"Off mid his head," so much for Katzenshdein.

Dis fine lookin gendleman comin down on dis site of der vay is von of der new Police Judges, James E. Coulter, und a fine man he is doo. Cabdain Coulter has a long dime peen a residender of der Dwendy-second Vard, und der beeples of dot lowcality hafe god der creadest confidence in him. Ven der var preaked oud he raised a combany und dook dem oud; he vas in der 79d Regimend, und ven dey redurned he vas in command of der regiment. He vas formerly Cabdain of der Bolice ub dere, und he made a shplendid officer. Ven he resigned he vas a sergeant of der Vard und Varden of der Cidy Brison. Cabdain or Shudge Coulter vas elected Bolice Jusdice ad der lasd elecdion, und a finer, more vordy, bedder gwalified gendleman coodn'd be bicked oud for der bosition. He has god a gread nummer of friends in all seddions of der cidy, und dey are all of dem glad dot der beeples but him in a bosition dot he is so doroughly fidded for. I hope he vill leed long und die hanby.

Here comes Bob Hall, Shariey, der von dot is in bardnership mit gendleman Frank—Frank Kerns. Dey keep dot Sample Room, No. 712 Broadvay, vere ve vas in der odder efening, righd after dem fellers from Von Druck of Jersey Cidy, vat vas lookin for us und had gone oud. Bob is a oil dime feller, und he is so nice a man as der Lord efer put ears ondo. Der blace dey keeb is der one dot Eph Horn obened; dey bought him oud, I belief—any how dey're here und dey keep der blace, und dey know how do do it do doo. Go here any dime you like you vill always find a nice bardy of gendlemen, und Bob Hall or gendleman Frank vill welcome you in der nicesd vay in der vorld und dry und made you comfortable und habby. Dey do a nice snuck leedle plsness und keeb everyding of der besd. Ven you call for gin in dot blace you gid id und id don'd daste as of you vas trinkin a lot of proken glass or dennbenny nails. Ven dem fellers sbell hair-dye, dey don'd sbell id BOURBON.

Hallo, here comes anoder Bolice Jusdice. Dis is von of der gendlemen from der Dwelid Vard, Shariey. Dis is John McQuade, der Bolice Judge from our nayborhood away up in the country. Dis is a pig man und he is enfadhers von of der beeple. He vas Alterman of der Dwelid Vart, und is vell liked by efery von dot knows him poody well. He has grown up mit dot seedion of der city, und as dot goes ub so he goes ub doo. Ven dot bard of der cidy oggubied a shmall bosishion in der estimade of der beeple, John he oggubied a shmall bosishion doo. Now der ding is different. Der vhole island of der Island is some account, und as a madder of coursely Misder McQuade he is much account also likewise. Dot borshion of der Island, Shariey, is goin to been der blace afder a vile, und id vill be der hansomest blace in dis coundry. Ven dey gid all dem nice bully yards laid out unt fixed id vill be doo high for comford, und id vond cosd anyding neider—oh no, i cuess nod.

Shariey, you know Irving, don't you? No? I dought you did—almosd every von knows him. Dis is him, dis inglined-do-beer-shdoud man comin dis vay. Yes, sir, dis is Jim Irving, now Memper of Assemply from der Eighdeond vart. Misder Irving is a New Yorker in efery sense of der vord—born in New York, bringed up in New York, und of he leeds I shbose dot he'll die in New York. He vas formerly a butcher und he has always peen a shbort. Ven he vas a gread deal younger as he is now he vas considered a pooty shmard feller, und dot used to dook a lifely feller to man-handle him, bud of late years he's kinder god ofer his shbryness und I cuess voodn'd hid oud mitoud he vas made do id. Misder Irving is ecksdreamly bopular mit der beebles in his deesdried, und any bossibsion dot he vants ub dere I dink he can git mideoud dryin doo hard for id. He is a nice, gwieed gentleman of any dimes, und dold you anyding you can go gwick und shwore dot id's so.

Ah! Sargent Maychor—Hiram—Shariey, dis gendleman comin along here is Hiram Hendlin, Esq., der brobrieder of "Hiram's," nexd door to der "Waferly Theatre," und he is a nice gendleman. He has god a fine blace und id is der resord of der fine fellers from efery bortion of der cidy. He is vell known und has god a host of friends. His blace is der resord of der members of der "Washington Cray Droop," und any dime you go in dere in der efening you vill fint one or dwo of dem blaying billyards. Hiram vas ock mit us on dot Boadon Eggsbedishion, ven ve dook in der Beace Jewbelly, und I cuess he enchoyed himself so vell like anypody dot vas along. Ve vill shdop in goin ub und I'll show you von of der nicesd blaces on Broadvay. Come agross der shdreed for a minude—look oud you don'd gid run ofer. Ah! vaid a bit! Bobby Newcomb und fint oud ven I'm goin do got dot moosic he bromised me "boud Forty Years Ago." Of I don'd gid id boody soon I'll made oud my mint dot id aind nefer comin.

DO BEEN CONDINUED.

ANECDOTES OF MENDELSSOHN.—A curious anecdote of Mendelssohn is given in Devrient's recent book. He was in England when he received, in 1847, the intelligence of the sudden death of his sister Fanny, a lady distinguished for her refined and superior intellectual powers. Shortly after his return to Leipsic he was attacked with an illness that carried him off in a few days; he succumbed to it on November 4th, at the age of thirty-nine. On the occasion of his last visit to Berlin, Fanny reproached him with not having spent her birthday with her for years. As he was bidding her good-bye, he said:—"You may rely on my being with you on the next birthday." A special train conveyed the body to Berlin, and it was laid, on the 5th of November, near that of his sister, in the family vault. The 5th of November was the anniversary of Fanny's birth. Mendelssohn had kept it well. Mendelssohn was one of the few composers who had every facility for improving himself in his art. His father was a wealthy man, and when the young composer was in his teens engaged for him the full orchestra of the Royal Chapel of Berlin, for the private production of his youthful works. Mendelssohn, in his younger days, was fond of dancing, swimming, and gymnastics, as well as of his music; he was, too, rather conceited, and despised everybody who betrayed indifference to his musical powers.

QUEER EPITAPHS.—Everybody who has been at Martha's Vineyard remembers Nancy Luce, the crazy old lady whose speciality is hens. Two of her flock have just died, and an order for gravestones has been sent to a New Bedford marble-yard. The epitaphs (composed by the mourning Nancy) are as follows:—

ANN QUERTUS,
Died February 28, 1858,
Aged most 3 years.
O my heart has consumed in the coffin under the ground,
O how I feel for her.
She and I could never part,
She was my own heart within me;
She had more than common wit,
And more than common love.

BEAUTY LUNA,
Died January 18 1859,
Aged over 12 years.
O my dear beloved little heart,
She was consumed in the coffin under ground;
O how I feel for her.
She was a cunning little heart.

GOOD BOYS.—In Malmoe, Sweden, a "Boys' Union" for the protection of birds was formed on the 21 of December last. An address has been issued by the society to the boys and girls of Germany. The rules of the union make the duty of the members to be the protection and kind treatment of useful birds, not to rob birds' nests of eggs or young, and also to respect and protect young plantations of trees. Similar societies exist in Denmark and Germany; an example that should be wisely followed by Young America.

BAD BOYS.—A case of sudden fright occurred in Abingden, Ill., recently, which should prove a warning to all who indulge in practical jokes. A party of boys disguised by hideous masks and grotesque garments entered the house of Mrs. George H. Marshall, at the back door, and succeeded in frightening an infant almost into convulsions. Mrs. Marshall hearing the scream of her child, hastened to its assistance, but she suddenly encountered the masked figures and fell fainting to the floor. She was shortly afterwards found by her friends and proper remedies were administered, but she was hopelessly insane.

A CALCULATING YOUTH.—Reuben Field, a mere boy, uninformed and seemingly incapable of literary culture, who resides at Warrensbury, Me., is the latest prodigy in mental calculation. Here is his performance. He was asked to square 145, 145, 145, 145. In three minutes' time the boy Field mentally and accurately pronounced the result 21,067,118,159,163,117,671,625, 07, written in words, twenty-one sextillions, sixty-seven quintillions, one hundred and thirteen quadrillions, one hundred and fifty-nine trillions, one hundred and sixty-three billions, one hundred and seventeen millions, seventy-one thousand and twenty-five.

THE latest case of usury is that of the loan of a shirt collar. The borrower was forced to return a shirt.

MY LITTLE WIFE.

My little wife often round the church hill,
Sweet little, dear little, neat footed Jane,
Walked slowly and lowely and thoughtful, until
The afternoon bell chimed its call o'er the plain;
And nothing seemed sweeter
To me than to meet her,
And tell her what weather 'twas likely to be,
My heart the while glowing,
The selfish wish growing,
That all her affections were centered in me.

My life ones ('tis strange, but 'tis true)
Sweet little, dear little, love troubled Jane,
So deeply absorbed in her day dreaming grew,
The bell chimed and ceased, though she heard not its strain;
And I, walking near her
(May love ever sheer her
Who thinks all such wanderings of sin void and free)
Strove hard to persuade her
That he who had made her
Had destined her heart love for no one but me.

My little wife—well, perhaps this was wrong—
Sweet little, dear little, warm hearted Jane,
Fat on the hillside (ill her shadow grew long.
Nor tired of the preacher that thus could detain.
I argued so neatly
That none but poor Andrew her husband could be.
She smiled when I blessed her,
And blushed when I kissed her,
And owned that she loved and would wed none but me.

THE DREAM WARNING.

"I was three-and-thirty years of age when my father died, and as I happened to be at home at the time, I stopped to help my mother in her season of trouble. Of us children that lived to grow up there were only three, and the oldest was a girl named Sarah, six years older than myself.

"At the age of twenty she married a man named Seth Baldwin, and moved with him to Lancashire, and I did not see her again until after our father's death. She came once to visit the old folks, but I was away at sea, and she returned before I got home. When she made that visit she brought with her only child, a chubby-faced, pretty boy, named John Davidson—so called after our uncle on our mother's side. And that uncle chanced to be there while Sarah was on her visit, and he took a liking to the boy who had been named for him.

"I came home about a year after that, and while stopping with my parents, we had a letter from Sarah which led us to conclude that she was not very happy. We inferred that her husband had taken to drinking and gambling. He had sold off most of his stock, and talked of moving. The next letter, however, informed us that they should remain where they were; and though their worldly prospects were brighter, yet Sarah was no happier. Baldwin had been fortunate in gambling, we judged.

"Two years after that, Uncle John Davidson died, and by his will he left four thousand pounds to Sarah's child, the boy which had been called by his name. And he left it in this way: the whole was to be held in trust by my father, to be paid over to the boy when he should come of age; but in case the mother should be in need, my father might, at his own discretion, give to her a sum not exceeding one hundred pounds. At the expiration of ten years two thousand absolutely for the boy, and two thousand for the mother should she require it. The money was invested and the interest was to be paid for the lad's education, for Uncle John had learned that the father paid no attention to his son's schooling.

"As I have already told you, when my father died I was at home. He had been sick some time and he knew that he was dying. After the doctor had told him that he could not survive, he had a talk with me about the money he held for his nephew.

"He said that Sarah had written to him for money and that she wanted the two thousand which her uncle's will permitted her to use. She had an opportunity to purchase a valuable business; such an opportunity as might not occur again in a lifetime. Could she have the money now she could secure it, and as her husband had power to give her permission to buy it in her own name, she should do so and hold it for her son; so that, really, the money would eventually not only go where her uncle had originally desired, but it would be more than doubled for the possessor.

"I thought the matter over, and it appeared to me that Sarah had better have the money.

"The next thing was to find a proper person to take charge of the property which was held for Sarah and her son, and I accepted the trust, and the necessary papers were drawn up in my father's presence.

"My father died, and was buried, and there was gloom upon the old home!

"A week after the funeral had taken place a man appeared with letters from my sister, fully empowered to take two thousand pounds for her, and to receipt for the same in her name. He was a decent looking man and by profession, and appeared to be a perfect gentleman. He was a little flashy, and occasionally, when unguarded, used language which I did not much fancy; but then he was from a different sort of society from ours, and I had no reason to distrust him.

"I was sorry that disappointed that my sister had not come, but she sent a letter by Mr. Derwent, saying that her health would not permit. But little was said about my sister's husband. He had given everything into his wife's hands, and appeared to have no interest in the matter whatever, further than to leave his wife at liberty to purchase a large business in her own name.

"Matters were finally all settled, and I went to London in company with the lawyer I had employed—for I didn't dare to make a movement in so important a matter without safe counsel—so I took the lawyer along with me, and we drew the two thousand from the bank and carried it home, and Mr. Derwent was to come on the next day and get it, my lawyer having promised to be there to help me to do the business.

"That night my mother and I sat up till quite late, and our conversation, towards the last, turned upon my sister and her affairs. My mother did not feel easy. She was not satisfied with the letter which Sarah had sent.

"But I did what I could to set her mind at rest; for I could see nothing out of the way.

"It was past eleven when I turned in, and very soon after my head touched the pillow I was asleep. I mention this because I want you to understand that I did not lie awake thinking of my sister; and I want you furthermore to understand that I had no suspicion but that all was as it should be.

"I don't know how long I had been asleep, but by-'m-by I had a dream—partly a dream and partly a vision. I thought my sister came to me at my bedside and laid her hand upon my shoulder; and there was a young man with her—standing a little back—that she said was her son. She was pale and thin, and was dressed in a cloak of Scotch plaid—the colors of which were red and blue and white—and that on her head she wore a large brown silk hood, with a small cape and a narrow trimming over the front border. The cloak was old, and so soiled that the white color of the broad checks had turned almost to grey.

"She did not look as I had ever seen her look before—she looked much older than I could possibly have imagined her to look, and the long wavy locks that used to be of such a golden brown had many streaks of silver in them.

"She laid her hand upon my shoulder and spoke to me plainly and distinctly.

"'Joseph,' she said, 'you must not let Hartwell Derwent have that money. He is a bad man and is my husband's tool. My husband wishes to rob me—to rob his son.' She stopped a moment and then went on:—'If you love your sister and would serve her, don't let the money go!'

"And with that she turned away and moved towards the door.

"And now comes the most wonderful part. I awoke at that point and started up, and I saw my sister, standing at the door, as plainly as ever I saw anything in my life—standing there in the same hood and cloak—but her son was gone. She turned upon me a beseeching look, and then clasped her hands and raised them towards heaven.

"I called her name, and with that she disappeared. She did not go out of the door, but melted into air. I made myself sure that I was awake and then I got up, found the tinder-box and struck a light; but I found nothing out of the way, and, in a little while, I went to bed again.

"In the morning I got up and dressed myself, and when we came to the breakfast table, I found my mother looking really sad; and when I asked her what was the matter she said that she did not feel right about letting that money go. I asked her if she had been dreaming. No; she had dreamed nothing in that direction. What she felt was an impression, and it lay heavy on her heart, like a painful load. Something seemed to whisper to her continually that the money ought not to go; and she said she believed very sadly that we may be pay for it.

"Upon that I told my mother to rest easy. I did not tell her of my dream, but I told her I had made up my mind that I would not pay the money away until we heard further from my sister. This made her happy and she told me she felt sure that I had done a wise thing.

"About the middle of the forenoon Mr. Derwent called for his money. I had waited at home for him, and, as I could trust the lawyer at his back, he entered our sitting room with a free and easy air, as though he possessed a liberty of the premises.

"'Well,' said he, 'I suppose the money is ready for me?'

"'Mr. Derwent,' said I, 'I have concluded that I cannot let the money go until I have heard further from my sister.'

"The man started from his chair and wanted to know if I was in earnest. I told him I was, most assuredly. Then he began to explain to me what a loss it would be to my sister and her son. They would lose the business by the delay, and that would be equal to the loss of two thousand outright.

"At this point—while the man was pressing that consideration with all his power—a new idea occurred to me, which, simple as it was, had not struck me before.

"'Never fear,' I said, 'I will carry the money to her myself.'

"He stared at me, and I thought I had better put the matter beyond the need of further argument. So I looked him calmly and steadily in the face, and said:—

"'Mr. Derwent, for all that I know, or ever heard, you may be the most honorable man that ever lived, but I shall not pay over to you one penny of this money. If my sister gets it, she must receive it through my own hands.'

"And then the fellow burst. He raved and tore, and swore, and cursed. But I would not let the money go; and Mr. Derwent left me swearing all sorts of law and vengeance.

"That was the last I saw of Hartwell Derwent; but another person I saw very shortly afterwards.

"It was on a Friday that Derwent left me. On Sunday afternoon, just as the people were coming home from church, a pale, thin, faltering woman, clad in a long cloak of Scotch plaid, of red and blue, and dingy white, and wearing upon her head a hood of brown silk, with a cape and a border, walked up the road towards our house, and she leaned upon the arm of a tall, slender youth, who seemed almost as weak as she.

"Up to our door the travelers came, and my mother went to meet them; and in another moment I heard stifled cries, and sobs, and kisses, and one said:—'My child! my child!' and the other said:—'My mother!'

"It was my sister and her son. Her husband had become worse than a brute, and she and her boy had fled from him. Almost her first inquiry after she had got into the house was:—Had we let her money go? And then she told us how her husband had locked herself and her son up in a cold, dark room; and how she had written the letters which Derwent had brought, to save her boy's life. But she had taken advantage of a drunken fit on the part of her brutal husband to make her way to Manchester, where she had got the train to London.

"When my sister had had time for rest, I told her of the dream which had prevented me from paying over her money. When she had heard me through, she got up from her chair and came to where I sat.

"'Joseph,' she said, 'this was last Tuesday night.'

"I told her it was.

"'On that very night,' she said, 'I was in agony for fear that Derwent would get the money before I could reach you; and when I slept I dreamed that I had reached the old home, and that you had the money all ready to pay over; and I thought I made my way to your chamber, and woke you up, and begged you not to let the money go.'

A GLANCE AT EUROPE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY A TRAVELING SHOWMAN.

Scenes in Scotland.—No. II.

THE ENVIRONS OF EDINBURGH—LEITH—GRANTON—ROSSLYN CHAPEL—A MASTER KILLS AN APPRENTICE—ROSSLYN CASTLE—PENTLAND HILLS—CRICHTON CASTLE—MELROSE—SIR WALTER SCOTT'S RESIDENCE.

There are several places in the immediate vicinity of Edinburgh which will be found very interesting to the stranger who can spare the time to pay them a visit. The town of Leith is one of the seaports of Edinburgh and is distant about a mile and a half from the centre of the metropolis. For several centuries it was the only port in Scotland and dated as far back as the twelfth century. Among the few remaining antiquities of interest may be mentioned the Parish Church of South Leith, built in 1496; also in the links may be found several mounds raised for the purpose of planting cannon by the besieging army of Oliver Cromwell in 1560. Leith has been importantly connected with the history of Scotland for some time and noted as the spot where some of its sovereigns have landed. James V and his Queen, the Princess Magdalene, daughter of Francis I of France, landed here on the evening of the 19th of May, and no sooner had they gained the shore than the Queen knelt and kissed the earth of her newly adopted country previous to their starting for Holyrood. Queen Mary also landed here, August 19th, 1561, as Sovereign of Scotland, by succession, and youthful dowager of France. About half a mile to the west of Leith is the small fishing village of New Haven, whose inhabitants are noted as a distinct community, rarely intermarrying with any other class. The male inhabitants are all fishermen, and the females are occupied in selling the produce of their husbands' industry in the markets or streets of Edinburgh. Trinity, adjoining New Haven, is an agreeable suburb of Edinburgh, laid out entirely in villa residences, many of which enjoy a delightful sea view. There are very good salt water bath houses here, where hot and cold baths may be obtained, or a plunge into the natural element from the chain pier. Granton, about half a mile to the west of Trinity, is the rival of Leith as a seaport, and possesses a most excellent harbor, formed by two extensive breakwaters. The main pier is one of the most elegant and well adapted in the kingdom for the use of steamers. Granton is the creation of the Duke of Buccleuch, who has spared no money in perfecting its construction. It was declared a free port in 1860. Portobello, three miles from Edinburgh, is a favorite watering place. It consists of a number of handsome streets and detached villas. Its sands are extensive, with a gentle incline and most agreeable for bathing. Any one can, by rail, go from Edinburgh, bathe and return to town within an hour. A new marine parade has been constructed along the beach overlooking the wide entrance of the Firth of Forth. Rosslyn Chapel is situated about seven miles from Edinburgh, overlooking the romantic valley of the Esk. This building was founded in 1446 by William St. Clair, third Earl of Orkney and Lord of Rosslyn, and is one of the most highly decorative specimens of Gothic architecture in Scotland. At the Reformation in 1559 much of it was defaced by a mob from Edinburgh, but it was repaired in the following century. The chapel of Kings College, St. Georges, and Henry VII, are all conformable to the styles of the respective ages when they were erected. It is impossible to designate the architecture of this building by any given term, for the variety and eccentricity of the parts are not to be defined by any words of common acceptation. The nave and aisles are vaulted and, as usual, with side aisles, the pillars and arches of which display a profusion of ornament, particularly observable in the "Prentice's Pillar," with its finely sculptured foliage. It is said that the master builder of the chapel, being unable to execute the designs of this pillar from the plans in his possession, proceeded to Rome to study a similar column there. During his absence his apprentice executed it with success, and on his return he would not see the masters' return he found this finely ornamented column completed. Stung with envy at this proof of the superior ability of his apprentice, he struck him a blow with his mallet and killed him on the spot. Beneath the chapel lie the Barons of Rosslyn, all of whom, till the time of James VII, were buried in complete armor. This circumstance, as well as the superstitious belief of Francis I of France, landed here on the evening of the 19th of May, and no sooner had they gained the shore than the Queen knelt and kissed the earth of her newly adopted country previous to their starting for Holyrood. 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there also, with all the "girlishness" taken out of them long ago, wearing a borrowed finery that did duty for a poor representation of young ladyism. Their smutty jokes, their foul-mouthed talk, their empty giggle shook the wrinkles of fat on the rum and whiskey marked countenance of the "hag" that owned this cluster of feminine humanity. Now and then a court officer ordered silence, and this small company of "devil-may-care" young women assumed the appearance of a form full of boarding school girls.

They filled up this interval of silence by an alluring and lascivious smirk and unmistakable facial and finger signs to the male occupants of the opposite benches. The overtures were not, however, returned by the men, rough, dirty and hardened as a good many of them were. An innate sense of pity seemed to disarm all the rougher manly nature, and the invitations to a pantomimic display of incipient vice were not reciprocated by the lords of the creation.

When Justice Cox arrived Helen Brown, for this was the name of the girl in the prisoner's pen, was among the earliest brought before the magisterial eye. The officer who had her in charge said that the girl was fourteen years of age, and that he had found her at a house of prostitution in Mercer street. The mother stepped forward and begged, for the sake of the best interest of her child, that she be sent to the House of the Good Shepherd. She told the magistrate in a few words her reasons for this request, and Justice Cox complied with the desire of the mother and the girl was speedily removed to the prison part of the Tombs until a favorable opportunity presented itself for her removal to the home that was designed for the restauration of her moral nature.

The *Herald* reporter of the court had a conversation with Mrs. Brown, and as the plain and simple narrative of her daughter's fall was not quite the old story of sin and shame, its more salient details have had a more lasting embodiment given to them than that which they had in the narrative of the narrator and the memory of the listener.

Mrs. Brown is a laundress; one of her customers was a married man of distinguished reputation. It was the weekly duty of an elderly sister of Helen, named Jennie, to take this man's domestic linen home and be paid for the washing of the same. One evening this elder girl (Jennie) came home from her weekly visit to this married man's house with a face flushed with indignation and telling her mother in the plainest terms that she would not take that "man's washing home again, for he had grossly insulted her." The two talked it over, and they decided that as Helen was so young she could be safely sent with it. Helen was despatched with it and she continued to take it, and no harm apparently came of her industrial errands.

One day some female companions of Helen called upon her mother and told her that if they would let Helen go and work where they worked at artificial flower making, in Mercer street, she would get from $4 to $4.50 per week; they would take care of her and see she came to no harm, and she would only have to work from nine A. M. to seven P. M. The mother consented to let her daughter go to this work. Helen returned regularly at the appointed time every evening, and quite as regularly brought her wages, which sometimes amounted to even more than five dollars—weeks in which it was said she had been more than usually industrious.

In one of those flashes of intuition which seem to preface the coming on of harm, but without the slightest apparent ground for it, the mother suspected something wrong. She visited the house in Mercer street, in company with her husband, and while waiting on the stoop to be admitted they became aware that it was a brothel. To intensify their indignation a respectably dressed, grey headed old man came to the door and asked a girl who opened the door if Helen was in, and this she had directly pointed him the previous night. The husband had taken a pistol with him, vowing that if their suspicions were substantiated he would kill the violator of his daughter. He put his hand in his pocket to draw the pistol, but the mother interfered, and in the general "mêmes" that ensued the "old man" was hustled by the girls of the establishment into the house, and the worthy old coupie were left out in the cold. Helen was specially reclaimed by the police and was induced to confess that she was seduced by the man Jennie had ran away from.—*New York Herald, Jan. 15th.*

A MASCULINE YOUNG FEMININE.—Quite a sensation case came before Judge Cummings for adjudication in the Police Court this morning, it being that of a girl charged with wearing men's clothing. The name of the girl, as given to Officer Barnes, who arrested her last evening at the St. Charles Hotel, is Mary Goldsborough. The girl pleaded guilty to the offense of which she was charged, and the Court fined her $13.23. On paying $5 and promising to leave the city for Cleveland to-day, the Judge suspended the balance of the fine and released the defendant. In the account which the girl gave to the Court of herself, she stated that she had dressed in men's garments for the past seven years, and that she had never been detected before. Within the time mentioned she had driven street car in Cleveland for two years, and for a time she was employed as driver on a canal. Her parents died when she was quite young, and since she has become large enough she has supported herself. The appearance of the girl was extremely modest, and while relating her story she bowed her head and a deep blush mantled her face. In size she was less than the ordinary height, and rather slim. In complexion she was of the brunette, having a large, dark eye, black hair, cut short and parted on one side, and skin bearing the effects of out-door exposure. The outlines of her face were, in every respect, effeminate and girlish. Her voice was like that of a boy, and in her manner and expression she seemed like a lad about fourteen years of age. She was dressed in a black sack coat, with a dark vest, reveaning between its lappels a white shirt bosom, and dark pants cut in style. Immediately after her trial, which was witnessed by a gaping crowd of roughs, she left the court room and disappeared.—*Toledo Blade, Dec. 23.*

THE CAREER OF AN "ACTRESS."—Anna Sherman, recently went before a Detroit magistrate with a charge against a hackman of having stolen her furs. Miss Sherman has a curious history. She left Paris in 1860, as a "singe" actress, in the St. George Troupe, and continued with the troupe until two years later, playing in N. Y. and Eastern cities. She then formed an engagement with a traveling troupe, and in 1864 played in Chicago. Here it came to her ears, one day, that a policeman was traducing her good name by linking it with individuals and localities of doubtful reputation. Passing along the street one day she saw the man, and borrowing a revolver from from a store clerk, she deliberately walked up to the official and shot him dead. For this she was arrested, tried, but escaped through some technicality, when she came to Detroit. After a time she became a member of the Delmar Troupe, and subsequently purchased a farm near Baltimore. She came into the city, for for what she would not state, but she evidently took too much stimulant, which caused her fuss with the hack driver, and her subsequent arrest for disorder. She speaks fluently several languages, is only 28 years old, and she claims that she has had 100 offers of marriage since coming to America.

STODDART VS. STODDART.—The Stoddart divorce case was before Judge Barbour, Superior Court, on the 11th inst., on a motion by Mrs. Stoddart to have Mr. Stoddart punished for contempt, in neglecting to pay her the alimony decreed by the court. He sued his wife for divorce two years ago, charging that she had been guilty of adultery. He was shown to have subsequently cohabited with her, and was obliged to discontinue his divorce proceedings in consequence. She then sued him for divorce and was successful, but before judgment was entered he married again, and then she threatened to proceed against him for bigamy. He besought her to desist, promising to pay her liberal alimony. The judgment was entered, and for some time he paid $4 per week, but since July, 1868, he has neglected to make any payment. The motion to punish him was denied, because of some technical defect, but leave was given to renew.

A NOVEL MATRIMONIAL UNION.—A new thing for brides is a plain gold bracelet which fastens with a lock and gold key, and which the husband places on her arm at the altar, locking it and keeping the key on his chain of chain. The bracelet cannot be removed without the husband's assistance, and thus both are constantly reminded of each other.

SPLICED IN JAIL.—Mr. William Glennon, an attractive youth, confined in Ludlow street, N. Y., jail for tampering with the affections of Miss Mary Middleton, married her on Saturday. The ceremony was performed in the reception room of the prison by Justice Scott, the Warden, Mr. Jno. M. Tracey, giving away the bride.

FAST LIFE INTERRUPTED.—Eugene Laing, a fast youth, who stole $160 from his father and spent it among the *demi-monde* in New York, has been held by Justice Walsh to await the action of the Grand Jury.

CRICKET.

YOUNG AMERICA'S CRICKET CLUB AVERAGE.

The Young Americas, of Philadelphia, engaged in eight matches during the season of 1869, winning all but one. They defeated the Germantown Club twice, and were defeated once by them. Their other victories were over the St. George Club, of this city, Philadelphia (twice), English Eleven, and Athletic Base Ball Club. Subjoined is a tabular statement of the season's play:—

BATTING ANALYSIS.

PLAYERS.	Matches.	Innings.	Not Out	In Each Innings.	Highest Score.	Bowled Out.	Caught Out.	Run Out.	Leg Before Wicket.	Stumped Out.	Total Runs.	Best Score.	Average per Innings.
John Largo	8	9	3	43*	66	4	4	4	0	1	0	147	17.11
D. S. Newhall	8	11	0	62	62	4	4	2	1	0	0	168	15.3
C. A. Newhall	8	11	2	55	58	1	7	0	3	0	0	165	15.0
R. S. Newhall	8	8	3	30	30	2	6	0	0	0	0	120	15.0
L. Baird	8	7	2	24	24	3	3	0	0	0	0	97	10.7
G. M. Newhall	8	12	0	53	51	5	6	0	0	1	0	114	9.6
Gummey	5	7	0	17	28	0	5	2	0	0	0	61	8.8
Bussier	7	10	1	21*	21	2	6	1	1	0	0	85	8.5
H. Newhall	8	9	2	13*	20	4	4	0	0	0	0	67	7.4
Johns	8	8	2	13*	20	4	4	0	0	0	0	47	5.7
Carpenter	2	1	1	9	9	1	0	0	0	0	0	9	9.0
Bayard	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0.0
Tiffany	1	1	1	4*	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	4.0
Baxter	2	2	1	4	4	0	1	0	0	0	0	6	5.0
C. Baird	5	3	0	8	8	1	2	0	0	0	0	8	2.2

* Not out.

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

PLAYERS.	Innings.	No. of Overs.	No. of Balls Bowled.	Maiden Overs	Runs Given.	Wickets.	No Balls.	Wides.	Average per Wicket.	Average Runs per Over.	Average Balls per Wicket.
C. Newhall	14	1256	301	21	1123	418	7	6	69	1.117	8.4	17.33
D. Newhall	15	1065	366.1	95	631	0	1	62	1.165	6.59	17.11
R. Newhall	2	42	18.1	0	34	0	0	2	5.4	4.6	9.0
G. Newhall	2	20	8.0	0	13	0	0	2	2.3	6.1	13.0
Baird	1	24	6.0	0	11	0	0	1	1.5	11.0	24.0
Bussier	1	52	13.0	6	20	2	0	0	11.7	20.0	52.0
Tiffany	1	68	17.0	5	29	8	0	0	2	1.12	14.1	34.0

DEATH OF A CELEBRATED CRICKETER.—Our latest foreign exchanges contain notices of the death of the famous Surrey wicket-keeper, "Tom" Lockyer, which took place at his house, the Sheiden Arms, Croydon, Eng., on the 29th ult., of consumption. The deceased was born on the first of November, 1838, and had therefore just entered his forty-second year. His first appearance as a member of the Surrey County Eleven was on the 28th of June, 1849, when he played against Sussex at the Oval, scored one and sixteen, and obtained five wickets by stumping one and catching four. He did good service to Surrey during the seventeen years he officiated as her wicket-keeper, and retired in 1866 from active service. A match was played for his benefit in 1867, and since then he has confined himself to local matches and attending to his business as a publican, though his tall, ungainly figure, and pleasant, cheerful face was always to be seen at the principal matches of the season. His activity behind the wickets was remarkable, and the quantity of ground he covered almost incredible. He was an excellent judge of the game in all its bearings, and Surrey owed as many matches to his generalship in placing his field and changing the bowling at critical times as to his unrivalled wicket keeping. He could himself bowl a little, but was rarely put on unless things were looking very serious for his county. Perhaps Lockyer's most striking feature was his most imperturbable good temper, a quality most indispensable in a cricketer. Not only in England, but also in America and Australia was Lockyer known and his wicket keeping abilities appreciated. He formed one of the Twelve who went to Canada and the United States in 1859, and in the five matches he played while there scored 161 runs and caught or stumped twenty-eight of his opponents. He did even better than this when he went to Australia in 1864, as he there, in nine matches, scored 173 runs and caught or stumped fifty-six. Lockyer leaves a wife and three children. Poor Tom, who died in his clothes, was but a mere skeleton at the time. He, however, was perfectly conscious. Mrs. Lockyer appears to believe that the trip to Australia was the primary cause of the break up of an otherwise robust constitution.

TOM LOCKYER'S funeral took place on the 30th ult., his remains being interred at Christ Church, about a mile from Croydon, Eng., on the London side. Agreeably to his dying wish there was no ostentation, a hearse and two mourning coaches constituting the funeral *cortege*.

THE PRIZE RING
OF THE OLDEN TIME.

SORROW IS DRY.
A PLAINTIVE BALLAD.

When to Peggy Bauldie's daughter first I told Sir Daniel's death,
Like a glass of soda water, it took away her breath;
It took away your breath, my dear, and it nearly dimm'd your sight,
And aye ye let the salt, salt tear down fall for Erin's knight;
For he was a knight of glory bright, the spur ne'er dent'd a bolder,
Great George's blade itself was laid upon Sir Daniel's shoulder,
Sing hey ho, the Sheddon, &c.

Took a turn along the street, to breathe the Trongate air,
Carnegie's lass I chanced to meet, with a bag of lemons mair;
Says I, "Gude Meg, ohon! ohon! you've heard of Dan's disaster,
If I'm alive I'll come at five, and feed upon your master;
A glass or two no harm will do to either saint or sinner,
And a bowl with friends will make amends for a so-so sort of dinner."

I found Carnegie in his nook, upon the old settee,
And dark and dismal was his look, as black as black might be;
Then suddenly the blood did fly and leave his face so pale
That scarce I knew, in altered hue, the bard of Largo's vale;
But Meg was winding up the jack, so off flew all my palms,
For large as cocks two hi earocks I knew were hung in chains.

Nevertheless, he did express his joy to see me there—
Meg laid the cloth, and, nothing loth, I soon pull'd in my chair;
The mutton broth and scouilli boh came up in season due—
The grace is said—when Provan's head at the door appears in view;
The bard at work, like any Turk, first nods an invitation;
For who so free as all the three from priggish hotheration?

Ere long the Towddies' deck the board with a cod's head and shoulders,
And the oyster sauce, it surely was great joy to all beholders.
To George our king a jolly can of royal port is poured—
Our gracious king who knighted Dan with his own shining sword;
The next we sip with trembling lip—'tis of the surest sting—
To the hero dead that cup we shed, and mix it with a tear.

'Tis now your servant's turn to mix the nectar of the bowl;
Still on the Ring our thoughts we fix, while round the goblets roll,
Great Jackson, Belcher, Scroggins, Gas, we celebrate in turns,
Each Christian, Jew, and Pagan, with the Fancy's flame that burns;
Carnegie's finger on the board a magic circle draws,
And, Eagan-like, he expounds the rounds and pugilistic laws.
'Tis thus that worth heroic is suitably lamented—
Great Daniel's shade, I know it, dry grief had much resented.
What signify your tear and sigh?—A bumper is the thing
Will gladden most the generous ghost of a champion of the Ring.
The tear and sigh, from voice and eye, must quickly pass away,
But the bumper good may be renewed until our dying day!

DAN DONNELLY;
THE CHAMPION OF IRELAND.

His Life, and Battles in the Prize Ring.

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK'S CLIPPER.

Green peas were among the vegetables, at the above dinner, when one of the company, highly distinguished for his knowledge of training, observed Donnelly helping himself very plentifully with the peas, and immediately stated to him that peas were indigestible and quite improper for a person under training. Donnelly laughed heartily at this idea, exclaiming, "and sure is it *pea* that will hurt me; no! nor a drop of the *craiture* neither," tossing off a glass of brandy. He also enjoyed himself during the afternoon in the same manner as the rest of the company, till the time arrived of his going to work, i. e., walking the distance of six miles. Donnelly on starting said, "Now you shall soon see how I'll take all the PEAS and LIQUOR out of me!" and ascended with great rapidity the tremendous high, steep hill, in front of Wheeler's door, without any apparent fatigue (which in some places almost approaches to a perpendicular height), and returned to the company in a short time, in a violent state of perspiration, after having performed the above distance, to take his tea. Riddlesdown is not only a most delightful situation, but remarkably well calculated for the purposes of exercise. It has also the advantage of being at a distance of three or four miles from Croydon, and Wheeler's house is a solitary one. Solitude, however, was far from the cast of Dan's character: company was his forte, and while they remained with him at Riddlesdown it was all right; but when they departed it is said he took a small drop of stuff with him to bed, to prevent his lying awake. At other times he stole out in the dark, after the manner of poachers, to procure game;* and the preserves of Croydon, it seems, supplied even more than his wants. This circumstance will, in a degree, account for his distressed and blowed state during the battle with Oliver.

The preparatory state of training appeared quite tiresome to him, and he often stated to those persons who visited him that he wished the time was expired and that "it was to-morrow he was to enter the list." In drinking with any of his companions his usual toast was, "Well, here's to my lucky mare!"†

Donnelly was extremely fond of a joke, and upon a porter coming to him, soon after his arrival in England, late one evening, at the Castle Tavern, Holborn, informing Dan that "his wife would be glad to see him at the White Horse in Fetter Lane, as soon as possible, as she had just come from Ireland," Donnelly asked with great eagerness and anxiety of the man, "What sort of a woman she was?" The porter, rather surprised at the singularity of such a question, in reply observed, "What, sir, don't you know your own wife?" The Champion, smiling, "Is she a big woman? Well, never mind, by J——! come and look at her, to see if I should know her!"‡ Dan accompanied the porter to the inn, but found his wife was gone to bed. He instantly went to the room, and upon his drawing the curtains she exclaimed, "Is that you, Mr. Donnelly? you look very pale, Dan?" "What, did you think I was dead then? have you brought my coffin?" "No, indeed I have not; but I have brought a great *big box* for you, Mr. Donnelly."

It should seem that Donnelly had a great aversion to be looked upon as a *raw* Fighter. In the course of two or three evenings after his battle with Oliver Dignam's long room was crowded with his warm hearted countrymen, anxious to see and congratulate him on his recent victory. Donnelly, who was dining with some swells above stairs, was informed of the circumstance, and solicited mercly to go down stairs and to walk through the room. To which Donnelly replied, "and sure do they take me for a *beast*, that is to be made a show of? I am no fighting man, and I will not exhibit myself to *plase* any body." This was spoken very angrily, and it required the utmost persuasions of an amateur very high in the Fancy, and also his friend Dignam, to pursuade him of the impropriety of his conduct, and also to comply with so reasonable a request. Dan at length relaxed, and upon his entering the room he was received with the loudest cheers.

When Donnelly was introduced to a noble Irish Duke he was asked what liquor he would take a glass of? "Anything your Grace likes—whiskey!" as if it was the only liquor the Duke drank. The Duke laughed heartily.

In short, poor *Sir* Dan was a creature of the moment. He was most excellent company, creating mirth and laughter all around him, his sayings were droll in the extreme, and his behavior was always decorous. Study was not a very prominent figure in his composition, and "to-morrow," with him, might or might not be provided for, as it never created any uneasiness in his mind, and was left entirely to chance, or, as Dan would say, "Devil may care!" Such was the character of Donnelly. He was an Irishman every inch of him. He was generous, good natured and grateful, in a great degree, it is true, he did not raise himself in the estimation of the English amateurs, from his battle with Oliver; nor did the Irish Fancy in London, it is said, think half so much of his capabilities as they had previously anticipated; and these gentlemen who also came from Ireland to witness the fight, expressed themselves astonished at the deficiency of boxing talent that Donnelly displayed in opposition to Oliver, and that he appeared not like the same man who defeated Cooper. It is true that he was decidedly the favorite throughout all classes of the amateurs before the battle. Dan most certainly had fair play shown him within the ring; but he complained severely of the hootings and hissings he experienced from the spectators. These sort of expressions had much better be avoided; and it might be urged, do savor of something like prejudice; but Donnelly ought to have possessed more nerve than to let such ebullitions have operated on his feelings. It is totally impossible to prevent the expressions of the multitude assembled to witness a Prize Fight, particularly where so much interest prevails: nay, more, the Judge, armed with full power to punish any person so offending in a court of justice, cannot prevent popular feelings from having vent. It is true, that Donnelly might have thought a national prejudice had been entertained against him;—it was not so: and the same sort of conduct always takes place when two Englishmen enter the ring in England: for instance, when Cy. Davis, from Bristol, entered the list with Turner, the expression against the former boxer was a hundred times stronger than against Donnelly. But to return, Donnelly was a most dangerous opponent, from his great knowledge of throwing. Two or three of his falls were at any time heavy enough to win a fight. But "use every man according to his deserts, and who shall 'scape whipping?"

FINALE.

Here rests his nob under the turf so green,
A milling cove—of Erin's pride and glory.
Sure such a gay hero ne'er was seen!
His fame transterr'd in future story!

Large was his mawley, and his pluck so fine;
In Ireland and in England he did show it!
The lads he serv'd out with many a shine—
When he hailed the office giv'n on to "go in."

But Dan is *floor'd!* He couldn't come "to time!"
No more to crack his joke and take his tuch;
His game's play'd out! although a trump so prime,
Death got the pull on him o'er whiskey punch!

* It is a well known fact that immediately after his battle with Oliver it was not only discovered but he acknowledged, that he had unfortunately contracted a disease in the premises/easiness of his amours. It is usual for the pugilists, during their training, to have a companion to look after them. It was not so with Donnelly; but if he had had such a person it would have been of little if any use, as Dan was above control. In fact, his opinion was so strongly grounded that excess of any kind would not hurt him that he acted as he pleased. It was, however, truly astonishing to view Donnelly's fine appearance after entering the ring to meet Oliver. When the Irish Champion fought with Cooper, on the Curragh of Kildare, it appears he had been unusually up to the highest pitch of excellence, and was as strong as a giant and as active as a rope dancer, under the immediate attention of Captain Kelly. To the Captain Donnelly yielded implicit obedience; but he would not be dictated to by his squire—indeed, he was totally unmanageable—so as to comply with the severities of training.

† On Tom Shuffleton being asked about a female, he said she was the *sixteenth* Mrs. Shuffleton. We never ascertained whether Mr. Donnelly ever placed any or his wives to the same account. It is, however, certain, he was a very gallant hero.

THE END.

A FANCY DRESS CARNIVAL AND MASQUERADE was the attraction at the rink, Quincy, Ill., on the 6th inst., and was a thorough success, the ice being in tip-top condition and the crowd in attendance immense. The first prize offered for the best costume was awarded to Dwight Ives, who assumed the character of a military officer, and the second was given to J. W. Walker, who personated the role of a Dutchman excellently.

UNAFFECTED modesty is the sweetest charm of female excellence—the richest gem in the diadem of their honor.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

C. F. HOWARD.—After much searching we find our Enigma No. 340 correct in every particular. Yourself and brother are not the first by many to be puzzled by this solomonic problem. 1...K B to B 4, P × B, best; 1...R to K 2 +; and 3...P or Kt mates. Now we think you will agree that our palma merit some fresh contributions from up your way.

G. F. Q.—The valuable Chess slips continue to arrive—thank you.

GEO. E. CARPENTER.—Your query as to how many moves Brown intended No. 344 to take is quite pertinent and shall be answered when the proposal below has had a trial. Hear "C. F."—"I have something that will interest 'C.' Let him imagine the R at B 3 (594) to be Black and commence with the 23d move of his solution:—

23...K to R sq	K to Kt 7	26...R to B 8 +	K to Q 6
24...B-B 6 +	K-B 7	29...R-Q sq +	K × Kt P (2)
25...R-Q R sq	P-R 5	30...Q-K 4 +	K Q Kt
26...Kt-K B 2	K-Q 6	31...B-Q 4 +	R inter
27...R-Q 8 +	K-B 6 (1)	32...Q-Kt 2 +	P × Q, mate
(1) If 27...R inter,			
28...R to Q sq +	K × Kt P (3)	30...B × P +	K × P
29...Q-Kt 4 +	K × Kt dbl	31...B-Kt 5 +	K-B P
(2) If 29...K × Kt P,		32...Q-Kt 2 +	P mates.
30...Q-Kt 4 +	Ad lib	31...R to K 8	Ad lib
(3) If 28...K × Kt P,		32...Q-Kt 2 +	P mates.
29...Q to K 4 +	K × Kt	31...B to Q 4 +	R inter
30...R-K 8	R-Kt 6 best	32...Q-Kt 2 +	P mates.

His own 23-move sol., the other R B7, we withhold a while. Nothing escapes "C. F.'s" penetration.

Should Black 27...× either P, the sol. is in 31 moves.

CHAS. FORTES.—Your discovery came just in time to prevent a misprint.

JOHN P. SWAN, Detroit.—Your letter of kind remembrance and proffer of correspondence was most welcome indeed. Between you and "W. A. S." we luv k to be strong in Michigan chess.

PROBLEM GOURMANDS.—Take Problem No 697, *add a Black Pawn at K B 5th* and see what will appear to you. Some beautiful and masterly solutions have been discovered, but not the original design.

THEO. M. BROWN.—Porter's was the only solution rec'd of the 19-mover. We look for an answer to his challenge. Is not the above a masterly termination?

THE TOURNAMENT TERMINATED.—The tournament in the Europa Rooms in Division street, N. Y., closed on the evening of the 12th inst. The result was that Mr. B. Lissner obtained the first prize, Mr. J. Lissner the second, and J. Mason the third. B. Lissner won 21, lost 5; J. Lissner won 14, lost 7; and J. Mason won 13 games, lost 4.

ERRATUM.—In Enigma No. 702, we regret to say, the Black Kt located at Q B 3d *should be at Q B 5d.*

Corrections of Alexandre, No. 22.

BY E. H. C.

PROBLEM NO. 27.—STRATAGEMS.

WHITE.—King at his R sq; Queen at K 4; Kts at K 3 and K Kt 5; Pawns at Q 7 and K R 2d

BLACK.—King at his B 7; Bishop at Q B sq; Pawns at K Kt 5 and K R 6th.

White forces estimate in three moves

Solvable in two moves by 1...Kt to Q 8 +, P, or B, gives mate. A correct version is given in Tomlinson's "Amusements in Chess," p. 301. A White Rook is to be added on Q R sq, and the conditions must then read:—"White to play and force Black to mate with the Bishop in three moves."

PROBLEM NO. 28.—DOLLINGER, 1868.

Faulty.—White can play 1...Q, or K, × P +. The former move only can be made if Queen be removed from K B 3 to her Kt 3d.

Compare No. 19 by Stamma.

PROBLEM NO. 33.—IDEM.

Very imperfect. White can play 1...R to B 8 +, or 1...Kt to B 7 +; and, in the former move be made, can check with either Kt for his 2d move. The author's solution only is retained by shifting Black Queen to her Kt 7th.

PROBLEM NO. 32.—IDEM.

Defective. White's 2d and 3d moves can be exchanged. Errors of this kind, which are of very frequent occurrence in Alexandre, though sometimes parmissible in minor variations, or in problems above five moves, are exceedingly objectionable in two or three-move compositions. The old masters, however, do not seem to have considered this feature a defect, so long as the main idea was not affected. The problem may be perfected by placing the Black Queen at her B 2 and omitting the Kt at Q 2d. Mark the close resemblance between this problem and No. 31.

PROBLEM NO. 34.—DOLLINGER.

WHITE.—King at Q R sq; Queen at K sq; Rooks at K B sq and Q R 7; Bishop at K R 5; Pawns at Q R 5, Q Kt 3, K Kt 5 and K R 6th.

BLACK.—King at Q sq; Queen at her Kt 4; Rook at Q B 1; Knights at K sq and K Kt sq; Pawns at Q B 3 and 6, Q 4 and K Kt 8th.

White mates in three moves.

Here again we find the same imperfection as in No. 32. The problem may easily be corrected by omitting Q P, and placing White K at his R 2d; or, it may be more elegantly rendered thus:—

WHITE.—King at his R sq; Queen at K sq; Rooks at Q B 7 and K B sq; Bishop at K R 5; Pawns at Q R 4 and K Kt 6th.

BLACK.—King at Q sq; Queen at her Kt 4; Knight at K Kt sq; Pawns at Q R 2 and Q 4th.

White gives mate in three moves.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Enigma No. 704.

To the following position was awarded "honorable mention" in the recent Hamburg tourney.

BY HERR ADOLPH KELLER.

at Q Kt sq, her R 4, Q Kt 5, Q B 2, K R 6, K 3d.

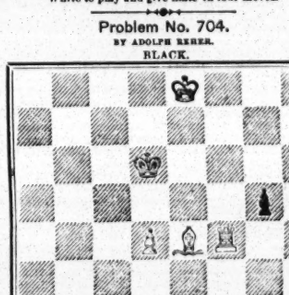
at Q B 5, Q R 2, Q B 3, Q R 4, Q Kt 5, and 7, K Kt 8, K 2, 4 and 5th.

White to play and give mate in four moves.

Problem No. 704.

BY ADOLPH HERER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and give mate in five moves.

Game No. 704.

Played at Aachen, 1858, between our contributor Herr Louis Paulsen and Herren A Keller and Uhlhorn consulting together.

SCOTCH GAMBIT.

Attack.	Defence.	Attack.	Defence.
L. Paulsen.	The Allies.	L. Paulsen.	The Allies.
1...P to K 4	P to K 4	13...Q Kt to B 3	P to Q B 5
2...K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	14...B-B 4	P-Q Kt 6
3...P-Q 4	P × P	15...K Kt-K 2	K Kt-K 2
4...K Kt P × P	K B-B 4	15...Castles, Q R	Castles
5...Q B-K 3	Q Kt × Kt	16...P-K B 4	K-his R sq
6...Q B × Kt	K B × B	15...P-K Kt 4	P-K B 4
7...Q B × B	Q B × B	18...P × P en pas	K × P
8...P-K 5	Q-her Kt 3	17...K R-K sq, and the Allies resigned.	
9...Q × Q	R P × Q		

Eleventh and concluding game of the late Elson-Whiteman match in Philadelphia.—*Bulletin.*

FRENCH DEFENCE.

Mr. Whiteman.	Mr. Elson.	Mr. Whiteman.	Mr. Elson.
1...P to K 4	P to K 3	11...Q B to R 3	Q B to Kt 2
2...P-Q 4	P-Q 4	12...Q R-Kt sq (d)	Q Kt × P
3...Q Kt-B 3	Q Kt-K 15	13...P-K B 4	Kt-his 5 (e)
4...K B-Q 3	P-Q B 4 (a)	14...Kt × B P (f)	Kt × Q B P (g)
5...K P × Q P	Q × Q 2d P	15...Q × Q Kt	Kt P × Kt
6...K Kt-B sq(b)	K B-his B 4 (c)	16...her R-his R 3 (h)	K-his B 2 (i)
7...Kt P	Q Kt-B 3	17...Q-her Kt 4	Kt-Kt 6 +
8...K Kt-B 3	P-Q B 5	18...K-his B 2	Kt-his 5 +
9...K B-K 3	K Kt-B 3	19...K-his Kt sq	Castles, Q R
10...Kt-Q P	K-Kt 2	W. mates in six moves.	

(a) This move was first pointed out by Maj. Jaenisch in an analytical article in the *Chess World.*

(b) K B to Kt 5 +, is the correct 6th move, e. g.:—

6...K Kt-B sq	Q Kt-B 3	9...Q × Q P	K B × Kt +
7...K Kt-B 3	B P × P	10...Kt P × B	K Kt-B 3, *etc.*
8...K B × Kt +	Q × K B (1)		

(1) Decidedly better than Kt P × B, as recommended by Jaenisch.

(c) Q × P would be dangerous, on account of Kt to his 5th.

(d) A slip, such as Mr. W. is not often guilty of.

(e) This move throws away a won game. It was not by such play that Mr. Elson has made a stand in so many fine players.

(f) The effect of this move is perfectly magical; it renders the defence well nigh hopeless.

(g) 14...Q Kt was thought to be somewhat better.

(h) Q to B 3d would equally lose a piece.

Brilliant dash between MM. Schoumoff and Beskrovay, in St. Petersburg.—*Era.*

EVANS GAMBIT DECLINED.

Beskrovy.	Schoumoff.	Beskrovy.	Schoumoff.
1...P to K 4	P to K 4	9...Castles	Q Kt to B 3
2...K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	10...K B × P +	K-his B sq
3...K B-B 4	K B-B 4	11...P-K Kt 3	Kt-K 7 +
4...P-Q Kt 4	P-Q 4	12...K-his B sq	Kt × Q B
5...K P × P	Q Kt × P	13...K R × Kt (f)	Q × K Kt
6...P-Q 3	Kt × Q P	14...P-Q 4	Q-K 5 +
7...Q-her Kt 3	P-Q B 3	15...K-Kt sq	Q-R 6
8...K Kt-K 4	P-K B 3	16...P-K B 3	Q-K 6, wins.

(f) Q to her B 4 is same better, but even then defense wins.

CHEQUERS.

To Correspondents.

D. O. BEIER, St. Louis.—Send us more. We "like your style."

Game No. 36.—Vol. XVII.

IRREGULAR OPENING.

BETWEEN MESSRS. CULLY AND BRUCE.

Black. Mr. Cully.	White. Mr. Bruce.	Black. Mr. Cully.	White. Mr. Bruce.
1...9 to 14	22 to 17	15...1 to 8 (c)	27 to 23
2...11 15	24 19	16...19 24	14 9
3...15 14	28 19	17...5 14	18 9
4...8 11	25 22	18...24 27	26 22
5...4 8	22 18	19...27 31	23 18
6...11 16	18 9	20...7 10	9 5
7...8 12	26 17 (a)	21...10 15	18 14
8...8 11	19 25	22...31 26	22 17
9...5 9	17 14 (b)	23...1 6	5 1
10...15 18	23 14	24...6 10	14 7
11...16 23	27 18	25...3 10	1 6
12...10 17	31 14	26...26 29	25 21
13...12 16	21 27	27...15 (d)	6 9
14...16 19	30 25	28...20 15 (e)	9 14
		White wins.	

(a) Nobody hurt. (b) A regular smash. (c) Too thin. (d) For life. (e) Caught at last.

Solution of Position No. 69.—Vol. XVII.

BY C. M'FARLAND.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1...7 to 10	14 to 7	2...24 to 27	31 to 24
2...15 17	21 14	4...15 11 and wins.	

Solution of Position No. 70.—Vol. XVII.

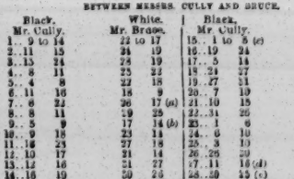
BY A. J. BLANCHARD.

Black.
1...14 to 17 and wins.

Position No. 71, Vol. 17.

BY D. O'BRIEN.

BLACK.



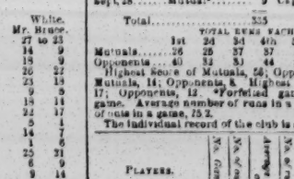
WHITE.

White to move and win.

Position No. 72, Vol. 17.

BY D. O'BRIEN.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and draw.

BASE BALL.

A LITTLE PLAIN TALK.

Management and Mismanagement of Clubs—Comparisons Between Players, etc.—Training and Discipline.

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK'S CLIPPER.

Next we go to Baltimore and visit the Maryland Club. They opened with Lennon, Cope, Wilson, Armstrong, Lucas, Keeri, Worthington, Armstrong and Hooper. Mincher soon succeeded Worthington, Lucas and Keeri joined the Pastimes and were succeeded by Sellman and Buck, while Cope returned to the Keystones and was succeeded by Matthews. The averages are:—

	Club.	Games.	Outs.	Average.	Runs.	Average.	Games.	1st Base on Hits.	Average.	Total Bases.	Average.	Games.	Struck Out.	Average.	Clean Score.	Blank.
Hooper, r f		14	36	2.08	48	3.04	5	14	2.04	23	4.03	0	0		0	0
Goldsmith, 3d b	

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Mow news, Business, and Incidents on the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

Clipper Post Office.

STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be enclosed for each and every letter sent for. Where there are two or more persons of like name in the profession, the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given in order to prevent mistakes.

Allinson, J. W.	Howson, Jerome J.	Tyndale, Harry M.	
Adams, Fiem.	Howard, Rollin	Ufner, Frank (2)	
Abbott, Chas. (2)	Howard, Charles L.	Vanzant, A. D.	
Armstrong, R. H.	Hastings, A. H	Valentine, Wm.	
Ainsley, Eddy	Henry, Prof. H. F.	Vandenhoff, George	
Ashton, Thos. V.	Hall, George	Washburne, E. S.	
Buchanan, McKean(2)	Hayes, A. W.	Wildman, Fred. J	
Bidaux, Gustave	Hernandez, A. M.	Williamson, Geo. F.	
Bydd, Johnny	Herter, Daniel	Warden, Ed.	
Breban, Julian	Jefferson, Joseph	Welles, Lyman C.	
Brace, O. B.	Kerpen, Herr	Washburn, F. W. (2)	
Barry, Frank	Keeler, Samuel C.	Arizona, Mad.	
Brown, John	Lee, J. William	Brennan, Mrs. R. A	
Burnell, Geo. B.	Lang, Joe	Boyd, Nellie	
Bristol, W. H.	Langdon, W. H	Cushman, Pauline	
Buisley, Justine—Ye	La Thorne, Mons.	Collins, Fannie	
Bailey, D. F.	Lowry, James F.	Carvender, Leona	
Brougham, John	Lauri, Charles	Coleman, Hattie	
Bliss, Eugene	McEvoy, Charles	Clifton, Viola	
Ball, Charles	Mazzuli, Sig.	Dutton, Rose	
Bennett, Joe	Morrissey, Johnny (2)	DeLasco, Maude	
Bruce, C. Amory	Masson, J. H.	Denier, Mrs. John	
Campbell, J. C.	Miller, Erley	Eldridge, Sallie	
Caspar, Albert	McKee, Andy	Evers, Miss M.	
Carter, Barry	Marshall, H. A.	Florence, Nellie	
Carpenter & Julie	Maginley, Ben	Grey, Minnie	
Cutler, George	Mason, E. A.	Gault, Laura	
Castello, Dan	McIntyre, Tom	Gibbons, Mrs. H. T.	
Cooke, Sydney	Murray, Dom.	Gross, Louisa	
Cobb, Willis	Nelson, Frank H.	Gray, Ada	
Church, Charles L	Newhall, Frank	Hunter, Kate	
Carner, J. W.	Organ, William	Howard, Jessie	
Carroll, Wm. M.	Orton, Miles	Hindle, Annie	
Cohen, Jerry	Onzalo,	Kline, Nellie	
Donaldson, W. H.	Oates, James A	Leon, Maggie	
DeHaven, Claude	Pullman, Henry	Leake, Annie	
DeMarbe, Dion A.	Prosch, Thomas	Leland, Emma	
Dumont, Frank	Perry, Prof. P.	Lotus,	
Dorman, W. C.	Robinson, Harry (2)	Moore, Carrie A. (2)	
Dailey, J. V.	Randall, J. S.	Partington, Kate	
Davies, Harry Rees	Ralph, Dick (2)	Raymond, Kate	
Dingess, R. S.	Robinson, Alex.	Reignolds, Kate	
Dunbar, W. F.	Rice, Dan	Swift, Sallie (2)	
Edeson, George R. (2)	Roberts, N. D.	Sefton, Annie	
French, J. M. (2)	Siegrist, F	St. John, Effie	
France & Lanuier,	Sanyesh, Mons	Swan, Anna	
Fleury, Fernando	Blade, Harry, (2)	Stanton, Louisa	
Fox, Eddie	Stone, D.	Turner, Emma	
France, Sydney	Smith, Charles E.	Troy, Cassie	
Firth, Edwin	Sprague, Harry	Woodruff, Mary (2)	
Forrester, N. C.	Speigle, Harry	Waldron, Kate	
Forbes, Charles	Stewart, Fatty	Weber, Lizz	
Forshay, James	Showles, J. J.	Wray, Louisa Payne	
Gannon, F.	Siamese Twins,	White, Alice (2)	
Guion, H. D.	Smith, C. E.	Wood, Aggie	
Geary, Mike	Stewart, Joe	Wray, Ada	
Grady, G. G.	Sherry, J. F.	Wesner, Ella	
Gaffney, Andrew	Stanley, W. E.	Worrell, Mrs. W. (3)	
Hawk, Henry	Struthers, Robert	Worrell, Sophie	
Haverley, J. H. (2)	Townsend, I. S.	Western, Sallie M.	
Holmes, Harry J.	Two Brothers,	Weems, Allie	
Harrison, George W.	Taylor, James	Zulelia, Mlle.	
Hanlon, Alfred	Tyrell, Robert		

Songs for the People.

In this department we intend to give, either weekly or from time to time, as space will permit, original songs, composed expressly for the CLIPPER, comprising sentimental, comic, Ethiopian &c., which our friends are at liberty to make use of, as we do not intend to copyright them. Of the series, below will be found

LOTTIE MAY.

By a clear and rippling streamlet,
Where the pleasant waters flow,
As they sparkle in the sunshine,
As they murmur soft and low;
Underneath the waving willows,
Where the zephyrs gently play,
Lottie's sleeping, sweetly sleeping,
Blue eyed, little Lottie May.

Chorus.—Happy, joyous birds are singing
O'er her grave their sweetest lay,
But on earth they'll never waken
Blue eyed, little Lottie May.

Violets, they now are growing
Where she calmly lies at rest,
Brightest flowers there are waving
In the grasses o'er her breast;
I have lost my cherished loved one—
She has passed from earth away—
Now she's sleeping, lowly sleeping,
Blue eyed, little Lottie May.

Chorus.—Happy, joyous, etc.

Life was ever filled with pleasure
Till this sorrow I had known;
Now I'm weary, broken hearted,
I am friendless and alone;
Still at eve I often wander
Where the streamlet ripples play,
Where she's sleeping, sweetly sleeping,
Blue eyed, little Lottie May

Chorus—Happy, joyous, etc. ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

City Amusements.

DIRECTORY, PRICES CURRENT, AND TIME TABLE.

This department is intended to supply a want long felt not only among strangers visiting the city, but among many of our resident population. In the advertisements in the daily papers, prices of admission to our places of amusement, as well as the time the doors open, and performances commence, are in many instances omitted, and much inconvenience and dissatisfaction is created thereby. The annexed directory will obviate all that.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC—14th street corner of Irving place.—Closed.

BOOTH'S THEATRE—23d street and 6th avenue.—Orchestra and Parquet Circle, $1.50; Balcony and Circle, $1; Gallery, 50c. Doors open at 7, commences at 2 and 7¾.

BRYANTS MINSTRELS—14th street, between 3d and 4th avenues.—Orchestra, 75c; Parquet, 50c; Gallery, 25c. Doors open at 7, commences at 8.

BOWERY THEATRE—Bowery, between Canal and Bayard streets.—Balcony and Orchestra, 75c; Parquet and Dress Circle, 50c; Boxes, 35c, Gallery, 25c. Doors open at 1 and 7, commences at 2 and 7¾.

FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE—24th street, near 5th avenue.—Admission 75c. and 50c.; Reserved Seats, $1 and $1.50. Doors open at 1¼ and 7, commences at 2 and 8.

FRENCH THEATRE—14th street, near 6th avenue.—Closed.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—8th avenue and 23d street.—General Admission, 50c; Orchestra Chairs, Balcony and Grand Circle, $1; Family Circle, 35c.; Private Boxes (4 persons), $6; Proscenium Boxes (6 persons), $10. Matinee Prices—General Admission, 50c.; Secured Seats, 75c; Family Circle, 25c. Doors open at 1 and 7¾, commences at 1½ and 8.

NEW YORK CIRCUS—14th street, between 3d and 4th avenues.—Admission 75c. and 50c. Children, 25c.; to Reserved Seats, 50c. Doors open at 1 and 7, commences at 2½ and 8.

NEW YORK THEATRE—Broadway, near Eighth street.—Closed.

NIBLO'S GARDEN—Broadway, above Prince street.—General admission, $1; Orchestra, $2; Parquet Circle, $1.50; Balcony, $1; Gallery, 50c. Doors open at 1 and 7.30, commences at 2 and 8.

OLYMPIC THEATRE—Broadway, between Houston and Bleecker streets.—Orchestra and Balcony, $1.50, Reserved, in Dress Circle, $1; Dress Circle and Parquet, 75c; Family Circle, 50c; Children (for matinee only) 50c; Balcony Seats for matinee, $1. Doors open at 1 and 7½; commences at 2 and 8

SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS—Broadway, between Prince and Houston streets.—Orchestra Chairs, $1; Parquet, 75c.; Gallery, 50c.; Private Boxes, $10. Doors open at 1 and 7½; commences at 2 and 8.

THEATRE COMIQUE—Broadway, opposite St. Nicholas Hotel.—Parquet and Dress Circle, 50c.; Gallery, 25c.; Orchestra and Balcony Chairs, $1; Private Boxes, $6 and $5. Doors open at 1½ and 6½; commences at 2½ and 7½.

TONY PASTOR'S OPERA HOUSE—Bowery, opposite Spring street.—Reserved Seats, 75c.; Parquet, 35c.; Family Circle, 25c.; Orchestra Chairs, 50 cents; Private Boxes, $5 and $3. Doors open at 1 and 7. commences at 2½ and 8.

TAMMANY—14th street between 3d and 4th avenues.—General admission, 50c; Reserved Seats, 25c. extra; Orchestra Chairs, 50c. extra; Family Circle, 25c. Doors open at 1 and 7, commences at 2 and 8.

WALLACK'S THEATRE—Broadway corner of 13th street.—Orchestra, $1.50; Admission, 75c.; Dress Circle, $1; Gallery, 50c. Reserved Seats in Parquet and Dress Circle, $1; Private Boxes, $12. Doors open at 7½, commence at 8.

WAVERLEY THEATRE—Broadway near Fourth street.—Orchestra and Circle, 50c; Gallery, 25c. Doors open at 1 and 7½, commences at 2 and 8.

WOOD'S MUSEUM—Broadway and 30th street.—Matinee—Museum and Family Circle, 35c.; Museum and Dress Circle or Parquet 50c.; Museum and Reserved Seats, 75c. Evening—Museum and Family Circle or Parquet, 50c.; Museum and Dress Circle or Parquet, 75c.; Museum and Reserved Seats in Dress Circle or Parquet, 75c.; Museum and Orchestra or Balcony Chairs, $1. Open from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M. Performance commences at 1 and 8.

Halls, Theatres, etc., to Rent.

For particulars see advertisements in the CLIPPER.

Dayton, Ohio—"Beckel Opera House"—*J. S. Church.*
Indianapolis, Ind.—"Metropolitan Hall"—*W. H. Leake.*
Reading, Pa.—"Keystone Opera House"—*D. P. Lauer.*
East Saginaw, Mich.—"Metropolitan Hall"—*J. L. Davis.*
Yonkers, N. Y.—"Rooney's Hall"—*M. W. Rooney.*
Pittsburgh, Pa.—"Academy of Music"—*W. A. McClurg.*
Grand City, Mich.—"Fitch's Hall"—*J. J. Fyan.*
Monmouth, Ill.—"Union Hall"—*R. H. Schultz.*
Johnstown, Pa.—"Union Hall"—*R. W. Hunt.*
Elmira, N. Y.—"Lanehff Hall"—*S. T. Reynolds.*
Erie, Pa.—"Farrar Hall"—*D. P. Hanign & Co.*
Chicopee, Mass.—"Cabot Hall"—*Wm. E. Wheeler.*
Sandusky, O.—"Fisher Hall"—*Fisher & Wiedel.*
Williamsburg, Pa.—"Liberty Hall"—*S. Franenthal.*
Terre Haute, Ind.—"Bowling Hall."
Wilkesbarre, Pa.—"Landmesser's National Hall and Theatre"—*C Kern.*
Carbondale, Pa.—"Nealon's Hall"—*Jno. Nealon.*
Beloit, Wis.—"Goodwin's Opera House"—*S. J. Goodwin.*
Portland, Me.—"Portland Theatre"—*J. B. Tooker.*
Moline, Ill.—"Dunn's Hall"—*Thomas Dunn.*
Ottawa, Ill.—"Opera House"—*Eli Wheeler.*
Portsmouth, O.—"Wilhelm's Opera House"—*Jno. Wilhelm.*
Williamsburgh, L. I.—"Opera House."
Akron, O.—"Summer's Opera House"—*Sumner & Abbey.*
Sparta, Wis.—"Curtis' Opera House"—*W. E. Briggs.*
Beloit, Wis.—"Union Hall"—*A. B. Carpenter & Co.*
Newark, O.—"Wallace's Opera House"—*Geo. Wallace.*
Lexington, Ky.—"Odd Fellows Hall"—*J. Woodruff.*
Erie, Pa.—"Academy of Music"—*Wm. J. Sel & Co.*
Indianapolis, Ind.—"Masonic Hall"—*J. M. Bramwell.*
Aurora, Ill.—"Brady's Hall"—*Thomas Tousley.*
Phœnixville, Pa.—"Temperance Hall"—*W. W. Waltnaight.*
Mount Vernon, O.—"Opera House"—*E. G. Woodward.*
Louisville, Ky.—"Masonic Temple"—*Wm. Cromey.*
Charleston, S. C.—"Academy of Music"—*J. L. Moses.*
Taunton, Mass.—"White's New Music Hall"—*L. E. & A. E. White.*
Shelbyville, Tenn.—"Cowan's Hall"—*T. E. Cowan.*
Paris, Ky.—"Odd Fellows Hall"—*J. W. Daniel.*
Johnstown, Pa.—"Main Street Opera House"—*John Parke.*
Biddeford, Me.—"Shaw's New Hall"—*Ivory Goodwin.*
Watertown, N. Y.—"Mechanics Hall."
Quincy, Ill.—"Opera House"—*James J. Langdon.*
Monroe, Wis.—"Union Hall"—*Josha D. Wood.*
Freeport, Ill.—"Wilcox's Opera House"—*T. Wilcoxen.*
Peoria, Ill.—"Rouse's Opera Hall"—*E. Rouse.*
Williamsport, Pa.—"Ulman's Opera House"—*J. Ulman.*
Augusta, Me.—"Meonian Hall"—*J. W. North.*
Greenpoint, L. I.—"Continental Hall"—*Chas Etheridge.*
Richmond, Ind.—"Lyceum Hall"—*Luther Crocker.*

Theatrical Goods Dealers, Show Bill Printers, etc.

For particulars see advertisements in this issue of the CLIPPER.

Show Bill Printers.—J. E. Jackson, Ledger Job Office, Phil., Pa.
Clarp & Reilly, 15, 14 and 16 Ratlue st., N. Y.
W. H. Wade & Co., Eve. News Job Office, Richmond, Va.
Torry Brothers, 13 Spruce street, N. Y.
Ford Mayer & Sons, 96 and 98 Fulton st., N. Y.
Alex. Calhoun, 262 Main st., Hartford, Conn.

Theatre Ticket Printer.—A. S. Seers, 744 Broadway, N. Y.
Wood Engravers.—Roylance & Purcell, 103 Nassau street, N. Y.
Theatrical Goods.—Shannon, Miller & Crane, 46 Malden Lane, N. Y.
Vanderlip & Taylor, 96 Bowery, N. Y.
Geo. S. Taurber, 129 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill.
Schuyler, Hartley & Graham, 21 Maiden Lane, N. Y.
E. B. Kent, 173 Bowery, N. Y.

Theatrical Shoemakers.—Somers & Nestrock, 270 Bowery, N. Y.
Hy. C. Trippie, 116 S. 5th st., Philad., Pa.
J. O'Donnell, 165 Bowery, N. Y.

Jig and Clog Dancing.—Mrs. J. K. Buckley, 578 Hudson street, N. Y.
Jno. Bogan, 130 E. Houston st., N. Y.

Banjo.—Henry C. Dobson, 280 Bowery, N. Y.
John Bogan, as above

Theatrical Jewels.—Harwell & Simmonds, 639 Broadway, N. Y.
Davis & Co., Cincinnati, O.
Jos. G. Burnett & Co., 129 Dearborn st., Chicago, Ill.
R. Fitzgerald, 617 Broadway, N. Y.
J. M. Morton, 817 Walnut st., Philad'a, Pa.

Bill Posters.—P. G. Nacus, Erie, Pa.
H. T. Burley, Erie, Pa.
J. H. Miller, Newark, O.
Wm. Sayre, Newark, O.
Phil. Wentz & Bro., Springfield, Ill.

Prismatic Lights.—McLewee & Putnam, 241 Broadway, N. Y.
Circus Tents, etc.—H. Sparks, 173 North st., N. Y.
Jas. Martin & Son, 114 Commercial st., Boston, Mass

Scenic Artists.—L. W. Seavey, 594 Broadway, N. Y.
Magical Apparatus.—M. Harris, 745 Broadway, N. Y.
Cushions, &c.—Taylor, 576 Bowery, N. Y.
Flags.—W. C. Wemyss, 3 Astor place, N. Y.
E. M. De Witt, 13 Frankfort street, N. Y.
Barnum, 82 Fourth avenue, N. Y.

Musical Instruments.—E. D. De Groot, 28 Liberty street, N. Y.
Showmen's Rugs.—Ethridge & Procter, 1 East Houston st., N. Y

Hotels and Saloons.

Turner House—Danbury, Conn.—Jesse Sands.
Worden Hotel—142 to 146 E. 14th st., N. Y.—G. P. Worden.
St. Charles Hotel—Broadway and Bleecker, N. Y.—G. L. Leand.
Neb. Bryant's—Cor. 3d street and Broadway, New York.
Central Hotel—Providence, R. I.—Hopkins & Sears.

Introductory Overture.

MONDAY, Jan. 17, '70.

WE have had two real sensations since our last—one, the advent of the English-French-German actor, Fechter; the second, the fall from one grace into the arms of another, of one of our ministerial friends, the Reverend Horace Cook. We do not know which has been the most talked about, the actor or the preacher, and we merely refer to the latter in this department because a few of the sinful papers, in their exuberance over the downfall of the man, have attempted to connect him with the dramatic profession ere he ascended to the pulpit. Brother Fechter has been more successful in his *debut* on the American stage than brother Cook in *his* new line of business; at the same time the actor has by no means satisfied *all* expectations—when the name and fame of a man have been kept before us for years, as brother Fechter's has been, we are very apt to look for more than the man is capable of giving us; hence, the stranger, while satisfying the demands of a portion of our play-going community, has not really answered the expectations of all. It is in his Hamlet that we will have the opportunity to judge of the actor's real abilities. In the meantime, let us be lenient in our censures, and give the right hand of Christian fellowship to the new-comer. While crossing "the plaza"—big thing to call it a "plaza"—of the City Hall Park a day or two ago, we overheard the following conversation between a couple of shining lights of the bootblack profession as they plied their ditty though polished calling:—

"Say, Skinny, been to see Feckter yet?"

"Who's Feckter?"

"Why, Feckter the new actor chap, a Dutchman, I believe; they say he plays Hamlet like the devil; he knocks 'em higher'n a kite."

"I guess I hain't heerd o' him. Where's he at, *anyhow*?"

"Up at Nibbloses."

"Oh, you mean Fetcher, the chap what's a-doin' Roo Blast, don't yer?"

"Yes, that's the feller; been there yet?"

"No, he's a foo-;oo; why he hain't narthin' alongside o' Jim Mace up at the Bowery. Talk about yer actin'. Why Mace'll act all around as many Fetchers as they'll fetch us. Yer ort to see him and Pooley in 'Tom and Jerry.' What?"

"It's a wonder they didn't git Mace up at Nibbloses; wouldn't he a-drorn them, though?"

"Yes, indeedy; but Freelish and Clarkey was too many guns for Nibbloses chaps, and they just scooped him in for the Bowery. They could a-got Fetcher, too, if they'd wanted him, but the Bowery don't want no Dutch shysters when they kin git sich actors as Mace. Come go up to-night, will yer? Soapy's goin' to be there, and Slathers, and Pud Johnson, and Alick Jones, and *all* the fellers. Will yer go?"

"I bet yer. *Black 'em?*"

"Black 'em, customer!"

And business at once put an end to this discussion as to the merits of the renowned Jim Mace and the Dutch tragedian, Fechter. And such is fame.....And as we look upon the other picture, upon that of the fallen preacher and his childish victim, let us have a little charity even for him, for one of that Christian brotherhood who take every opportunity to denounce those who indulge in innocent amusements. Ministers of the gospel are but human, governed by the same desires that influence the ungodly; yet we expect them to practice all they preach; we forget that many of them enter the ministry in a business capacity; their movements are regulated, to a certain extent, by ordinary rules of trade, by supply and demand. If a minister of one church receives a "call" from another, at a higher salary than he is receiving, the chances are that in eight cases out of ten the higher salaried "call" will be accepted. And why not? Preachers must live—they are as fond of filthy lucre as the rest of us. They cannot exist on air alone; they must have their roast duck and liver and onions just the same as ordinary mortals. And as for the other of these gentlemen's appetites, what class of men have greater temptations thrown in their way than our dispensers of the gospel truth? Women run after them like darkeys after a fat raccoon; they waylay them at the portals of the sanctuary; they bead them off while returning to their virtuous homes, and say sweet nothings as they pass them by. Verily, the pastor's path is sorely beset with sweetbriars, and he cannot be expected to be a saint upon earth who can withstand the allurements which environ him. Look at David of old, a man after his Maker's own heart; yet David ran after another man's wife, and after getting her into difficulty, fearful of a "little unpleasantness" should the husband return from the wars, and say "who's been here since I've been gone," the sinful David sought by various means to escape the onus of coming events, and fasten it upon the other man, but circumstances prevailed against the little arrangement, and, as a last resort, David had the woman's husband placed in the front of the battle, where he was killed, and up to this day the poor deluded husband is none the wiser concerning the paternity of his wife's last offspring. So it Mister David, the exemplary and virtuous David, could be caught in the toils with another man's wife, who should we expect brother Cook to resist the fascination of a young girl only sixteen years old, and say to her, as the virtuous Joseph once said, "Oh, no, no, I'm not on it, not for Joe." We all have our virtues and our vices, and *vice versa*. Hear what the reverend Mister Shakespeare says:—

"There is some soul of goodness in things evil
Would men observingly distil it out;
Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
And make a moral of satan himself."

Therefore, let us "chide not the erring;" let us pity the fallen preacher, and ask forgiveness for him as we would wish to be forgiven should we be caught in a similar scrape ourselves. It is said that Cooky is crazy; in charity let us think so; one man is just as likely to be insane at the moment of carrying off a pretty girl as another would be at the instant of committing murder. Church people can no more bear a close cross-examination than can the worldly and godless. The church does not always make the man; good and bad alike resort there. What does brother Young, who was so troubled with "Night Thoughts," say upon this subject? Let brother Young be heard:—

"Some go to church, proud, humbly to repent,
And come back much more guilty than they went;
One way they look another way they steer,
Pray to the gods, but with their backs to bear."

And our Young brother was right in this, no matter what his other night thoughts might have been. The fallen brother Cook had the misfortune to belong to the Methodist persuasion; had he been a member and shining light of any other denomination, be sure his sin would not have found him out, as the Methodists found him out when they called upon him; Methodists permit the peccadilloes of their pastors and their flocks to be known to the world; the others cover up the sins of those of *their* persuasions who fall from grace. Let us be easy on brother Cook; and let his poor, deluded little victim be forgiven and restored to her place in the family circle, for as Mister Byron says, 'Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by glare,' and the little maiden in question has made an error which it is now hoped she will never repeat. Thus endeth the first lesson.....And speaking of pretty behaved maidens, and their winning ways, we hear that Anna Dickinson is going on her winning ways, lecturing at ever so much a pop, and no foolish questions asked. Yet, Anna is not without her annoyances. Anna, it seems, sat for a bust some time ago, and now we are told that the bust is not a success, that it has too much jaw. While we deprecate the idea of exhibiting a faulty bust of Anna to public view, we cannot see that the thing can be a failure on account of having so much jaw, for in that the counterfeit presentment closely resembles the original. It would indeed be a ripper were it too long to be natural.....'They say" that we are soon to have a pantomimic revival at the Olympic under the direction of brother Fox. Well, we like a *good* pantomime, with its tricks and traps, and flip flaps, and demons, and angels, and pretty fairies in short dresses and bare arms and legs, and all that sort of thing:—

They who, with us, have looked upon the merry pantomime,
And the fairies, with their graceful acts and loveliness sublime,
Will own, with us, that there is no more pleasing occupation,
And that each *fairy* should receive a *fair re*-muneration.

.....And speaking of the legitimate and illegitimate upon the public stage it is a well-ascertained fact that brother Alexander Dumas, legitimate son, got his start in for the latter; and it is given out that he has eighteen illegitimate children, for most of whom he has procured lucrative situations in the theatre. Well, that is so much to Alexander's credit, for there are thousands of authors of illegitimate children in this city who cast their illicit offspring adrift, and care no more for them than we do for castor oil..... They have got hold of a fresh sensation in London in the person of the live son of the deceased King of Abyssinia, who is being exhibited in a circus show. What are our managers about that they have not secured this "new novelty" for the American public? Are we to play second fiddle forever to perfidious Albion? Eh? We have had blind black Thomas, and the double-headed black woman, as well as the unadulterated "What is it?" Therefore, let us have that other dark curiosity—without delay, or he may find his abyss-du-a—in a—— The reader can fill in to suit himself; we have lost our idea, as the young wife said when her glass eye dropped out on the bridal eve..... Mr. Daly announces that he has in preparation at his Fifth Avenue Theatre a drama of "intense human interest." Does that imply that all his other productions have been *inhuman* in interest?.....And in reference to ill-gitimate offspring, we would here remark that the gentleman who first begat the Cardiff giant has much to answer for, seeing how the race is multiplying all over the country.....but there are more illegitimate things than giants, ride "Our Jim's"

MILD COMPLAINT.

Not long ago I knew a single girl (*Thought*)
Who neither owned nor wanted braid nor curl;
She smiled beneath a wealth of natural locks—
Till she invested in hair-dressers' stocks
First rats and mice—I found out what they're about,
While on their backs her hair stood stiffly out.
Ah, never more will glossy bands be seen
Where trisetus crimpers rats and mice have been.
Her hair, regardless of my towering passion,
Is now done up in every style or fashion,
And every day looms lofty and higher.
And from dark brown has *bleached* like a fire.
I wish it would split and leave me away—
But then I know she'd have some more next day;
So counting all the costs, the cheapest way
Is let her friz—since she's the bills to pay.

City Summary.

W. H. LINGARD again appeared in the Jefferson Market Police Court on the 13th inst., this time having caused the arrest of Harry Sinclair, formerly his dresser when he first appeared in this country, at the Theatre Comique, and who has filled the same position during his late engagement at the Grand Opera House, for having stolen wardrobe and other articles used by Mr. Lingard, on the time of his arrest he was wearing a vest, shirt and collar belonging to Mr. Lingard. He admitted taking the coat and gave up the pawn ticket for it, stating he had pawned it in the Bowery, under the name of Johnson, for fifteen dollars. He was taken to the station house and incarcerated for the balance of the night, and on the 13th inst. arraigned before Justice Shandler, when a complaint was preferred against him by Lingard, to which he was committed to answer in default of $1,000 bail. Upon examining the trunk of the prisoner at the Westchester House, where it had been left as security for his board bill, Lingard identified several wigs, silk leggings, shirts, etc., which had been stolen from his dressing room at the Grand Opera House.

MOSS. DUCHESNE, formerly of the Bateman Opera Bouffe Troupe, but who of late has been dispensing lager beer over in Hoboken, took a benefit at the French Theatre on the 14th inst., when he appeared in his original role of General Boum in the "Grand Duchesse," to Mme. Guerotti's Duchess.

EMMA WALLER appears each Saturday evening at Booth's Theatre, as Meg Merrifies, in the successful production of "Guy Mannering."

C. FECHTER made his American *debut* at Niblo's Garden on the 10th inst. It is seldom that so large and critical an audience is brought together in this city as was present. It was an assemblage composed for the most part of the book writers, journalists, artists and savans that abound in this metropolis, and whose judgment of a new actor was to be dreaded as well as courted. That Mr. Fechter is a right clever actor cannot be denied, but it will be very difficult for Mr. Dickens to force an intelligent American audience to be convinced that he is the greatest actor that has ever been seen on the American stage, for to admit such would be to say what is untrue. What operates more against Mr. Fechter than anything else is the want of the proper method of pronouncing the words of the English language, for when he speaks he gives an artificial drawl. It is impossible to make sense out of three-fourths of what he says. His utterance was too rapid in the early scenes, to which may be added a certain brusqueness which disposed of sentences and words in too rapid a manner, as if biting the end off. A prominent peculiarity of his style is the habit of pronouncing *some* words, particularly in the passionate or sarcastic passages, with a *measured accent*, and often with the deeper tones of his voice. This is *unnecessary* to produce effect. The attention of the hearer is thus withdrawn from the sentiment to the speaker, and whenever this occurs it is always to the disadvantage of the latter. He is, we must say, one of the most dignified actors we ever saw, and one of the most powerful and energetic occasionally, but not the most moving or the most impressive. In the last scene of all, where he turns upon Don Sallust, he performed the part in a manner which few actors can equal. The energy with which he rushed upon him and the manner in which he reeled in wild delirium, caused by what he had to go through, was powerful, grand, terrific acting, requiring an effort of which few men are capable. In the first act he was very nervous and his acting did not make a favorable impression. As he progressed his action naturally gained more freedom and boldness, the first and second acts being slow and less impressive than the last act. The closing act, however, showed an accelerated force and a very even execution, rising in points to great power. The noble figure of Mr. Fechter, his eminently dignified motions and attitudes, his easy, quiet manner and perfect self-possession, when he is not thrown into one of his grand and thrilling efforts, produce the impression that a great actor is before you, but beyond this the great act no further appears. Mr. Fechter has the chief personal elements of theatrical success—great expression of feature, more remarkable for facility and variety than for strong contrasts, a steadiness of purpose, complete control of all his impulses and mastery of stage resources, and a quick perception of the elements of character. His manner is superb, majestic and dignified. Mr. Fechter selected Victor Hugo's "Ruy Blas" for his initial performance. Full of historical allusions, poetry and chivalry, the piece was scarcely calculated to appeal to the popular mind. It may be owing to the construction of the play that the performance did not please us, for Mr. Fechter has so cut it up to suit himself, like many of the one character plays, that it was difficult to recognise it as the same one produced here by Edwin Booth a few years ago. The whole motive power in this play is a hateful, lowering, insatiate spirit of revenge. This spirit was so mean and unmanly that it mos: basely sought to destroy an innocent and unoffending woman, nor stopped short till it had polluted her mind and heart, although in fact had really been committed. Still the play abounds with powerful scenes and telling situations. There were some remarkable scenes in which Mr. Fechter displayed great and astonishing powers. Mr. Fechter cannot be called a great success, pecuniarily or artistically. The fact is, too much was expected from him, for he had been worked up too much. Column after column of fulsome praise had been published in many of the daily papers, and his great abilities so extolled that much disappointment was felt by more than three-fourths of the audience. There is such a thing as over-doing and over-shooting the mark, and this is just the case with those who did the working up of Mr. Fechter. If he had been allowed to have made his *debut* modestly announced, without that nonsensical flourish of trumpets, he would not have been so critically treated. The energy displayed by the public in the case of the preliminary puffing of an artist that it amounts to nothing more than bringing a crowded house the first night, and then the artist is judged on his or her merits. When he plays Hamlet we shall have a better opportunity to judge of his attainments; now we can but speak of little else than his capacity—his general merits and defects. There was a great demand for seats for the first performance, the specula:ors having reaped pretty well. One of these gentlemen was out of pocket about thirty dollars, as there was a whole row of seats in the parquet circle not occupied. Of course they had been paid for at the office, but it looked bad to see so many empty seats. On Tuesday evening the house was well filled, but not so crowded as on the first night, and the speculators were again caught for about fifty dollars worth of seats. Orchestra chairs, for which two dollars each was the speculative price, were glad to dispose of at one dollar each. In our opinion Mr. Fechter is a good actor, but no better than several American actors now before the public. Fifteen years ago, when he was a much younger man and not so terribly stout as now, he may have looked and acted such parts as Ruy Blas and others, but it is difficult to recognize in him the character of a young lover. The support he received was, in some instances, good; in others very bad. Carlotta Le Clercq was very good as the Princess and at once made a most favorable impression. She has a sweet, musical voice, but somewhat too weak in the lower register, otherwise her elocution is excellent and she pronounces her words clear and distinct, free from all gaspings and such like. She excels in repeating scornful and defiant passages. She is possessed of talent that should make her a first-class actress with, viz:—beautiful face and eyes, an expressive countenance and a splendid figure. Shewell as Don Salluste and Mr. Bangs as Don Cæsar were good. Mr. T. E. Morris, an old New York favorite, who enjoys a good reputation for such characters as Polonius, made his appearance as the Marquis and did exceedingly well. He is deserving of praise for his excellent make-up and acting of the character.

W. H. BOWPITCH, who for the past ten years has been business agent for Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence, and who has been very sick ever since they returned from California, came out for the first time on the 11th inst., looking very bad, but slowly recovering. He says he has lost over seventy pounds in weight.

MAJOR BURNELL, of the Pittsburgh Museum, and Frank Tannyhill were in town the past week.

CHARLOTTE THOMPSON, having withdrawn from Selwyn's Theatre, Boston, arrived in this city on the 10th inst., for the purpose of taking a few days' rest preparatory to starting out for a three week's starring tour in the vicinity of New York. He had no sooner arrived here than he was taken with quinzy sore throat and was confined to his room for several days. Having been secured for Maguire's Opera House, San Francisco, Cal., he will leave for the Pacific Slope via Panama shortly.

A MEMORIAL CONCERT for the benefit of Madame Manzecchi and her children is to be given at Steinway Hall on Tuesday, Feb. 8. Among the artists who have volunteered are Miss Kellogg, Madame Briol, Signor Le Franc, Signor Ronconi, Mr. S. B. Mills, Mr. Morgan, Mr. Mollenhauer, Mr. Maretzek, Mr. Berger.

C. D. DUFFE returned to this city on the 12th inst., from Canton, Ohio, where he has been for some time teaching an amateur association of that town some points in strutting the stage.

SENORA E. DE CARFANO, a German and English actress, left overland for California on the 11th inst., under engagement to Thomas Maguire.

MISS CLARA F. NORRIS, of Newark, N. J., makes her *debut* in this city as a Shakespearean reader on the 19th inst.

"HAMLET" is enjoying great success at Booth's Theatre; most deservedly so, for it is placed upon the stage in a magnificent style, and is generally well acted. In the hands of Mr. Booth Hamlet meets with a true, effective interpreter; it is a character well suited to his abilities; he evidently feels every phase of it, and with wonderful skill does he portray the varied sentiments of the melancholy Prince. He closely studies his author and allows no point to escape him. His style of acting is free from imitation, very original and intelligent. Blanche De Bar has proved herself equal to the task of performing Ophelia, for she renders it in a most life-like manner. Her mad scene is a masterpiece of histrionic power. Fanny Morant's Queen Gertrude is acted with care and tact. In the closet scene she is excellent. There is a great demand for seats from a week to ten days in advance and the speculators are enjoying quite a harvest, for they find no trouble in disposing of seats at an advance of from one to one dollar and a half.

THE MUSIC COMMITTEE OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT have decided to give three concerts in the regimental armory. The first is announced for the evening of Saturday, Jan. 29th, the second on Saturday, Feb. 26th, and the third on Saturday, March 26th.

"SPRIGGINS," an American Comedy—was produced at the Fifth Avenue Theatre on the 12th inst., for the first time in this city, it having been previously presented in Philadelphia, Boston and Chicago. It was witnessed here by a densely crowded audience, who very patiently sat through five long dreary acts, listening to considerable wit and nonsense. The waits between the acts were terrible to endure, and the house was a most uncomfortable room that quite a number were compelled to leave. The wait between the second and third acts was about seventeen minutes, during which time several overtures were played by the orchestra. It was about midnight when the curtain descended on what cannot be called a successful production. It contains some good sentiment, but has little wit and originality. Such social monstrosities as Mrs. Nobbs and Mrs. Oyle could not and do not exist in fashionable society in New York or anywhere else. Barber Blunt, Lothario Smasher and Frosty Noble are weak but tolerable portraitures. In a moral point of view the piece is unobjectionable; but, considered as a literary production, it is crude and unsatisfactory. Taken altogether, "Surf" will add no glories to the American drama. Its characters are without individuality, which can be recognized as portraying the habits, manners and thoughts of those whom it pretends to depict. It is a play which can never attain a living popularity, and which must soon be consigned to oblivion. In some respects it was well placed upon the stage, but the attempt to represent surf with a lot of seacloth was a failure. While the rest of this scene was good—excepting the appearance of Mrs. Maria Wilkins in closely fitting bathing clothes, which caused considerable laughter among the audience—the representation of the mad sea waves was bad. Mr Lewis, who is generally very good, entired missed the character of the Dutchman. In fact, it was about the worst played character in the piece. The scenery is very handsome and the "sets" very good.

J. B. HOWE writes us that he intends returning to America, from Europe, either in April or

to-morrow's *matinee*, and 'Lucretia Borgia' and the 'Honeymoon' for the night. Next week Mrs. B. produces 'Mary Stuart,' and the following week Maggie Mitchell appears.....Rachel Johnson is in the city, ill. Her engagement at Wood's Theatre, which had been fixed for last week, was postponed for that reason.....The regular company of the National Theatre will return on Monday, with Nellie Germon and Robert Johnson as stars. They have had a lengthy tour in support of Mr. Forrest, having accompanied him to Louisville, Lexington, Paris, Indianapolis, Dayton and Columbus. This week they have played in Toledo and Detroit.....John Ellsler, with the 'Coleman Juvenile Troupe,' is touring through central Ohio."

PHILADELPHIA THEATRICALS.—"Little Em'ly" was produced at the Arch Street Theatre on the 10th inst., and is said to have been a success. Mr. Craig appeared as Micawber, Cathcart as Daniel Peggoty, Mr. Mackay as Uriah, Lizzie Price, Em'ly; Mrs. Drew, Martha; Mrs. Maeder, Mrs. Micawber; Mrs. Thayer, Betsy Trotwood, and Rosa Dartle by Alice Placide. It has been well placed upon the stage, the scenic effects being particularly fine. Notwithstanding this dramatization has been very successful, it has to be withdrawn with the close of the present week, owing to a previous engagement with John Brougham to open on the 24th inst. "Little Em'ly" will be revived as soon as Mrs. Drew has time not filled with stars..... "Not Guilty" has proved one of the greatest successes of the season at the Walnut. The present is the third week of its performance, and, judging by the enthusiasm evinced the past week, it bids fair to have an extended run. The battle scene in the third act is described as one of the most natural and effective ever witnessed on any stage. "London; or, Spots in the Capital," is in rehearsal. It is announced as 'a domestic, romantic and sensational drama, in a prologue and three acts, by Harry Leslie and J. S. Clarke.".....Laura Keene has bid the Philadelphians *au revoir* and gone to Washington for a brief season. During her absence the Chestnut will be occupied by the Susan Galton Troupe, who open on the 17th in the "Prima Donna of the Night" and "Terrible Hymen." The former is an adaptation, by Mrs. Pyne Galton, of Offenbach's charming little operetta, 'Mons. Choudeuri,' and the latter is performed for the first time in this country. The libretto of "Terrible Hymen" is by Gilbert a'Becket, and the music by Emil Jonas. "The Prima Donna of a Night" will be brought out with all the original music. On Jan. 21st Mrs. Pyne Galton will have a benefit, on which occasion the "Little Duchesse," an adaptation by Mrs. Galton of 'The Follies of a Night," set to music by Offenbach, will be presented.....Fox's American Theatre continues to do a big business. He announces for this week the double song and dance artists, Sheridan and Mack, Rollin Howard, Ethiopian burlesque *prima donna*, and the first week of a new ballet by George W. Smith, called "Nathalie," with De Rosa and Lapo as the *premier danseuse*. Frank Gibbons is announced as in the last week of his engagement. Eva Brent, Adah Richmond, Sam Devere, Larry Tooley, Charles E. Gardner and Tommy Winnette are in the company. On Jan. 24th Mad. Senyeah and Jennie Benson appear.

MR. AND MISS COULDOCK continued in Omaha the past week. Our correspondent, "Waverly," says:—"Their piece is are all attractive, and are produced with the skill and care which has, this season, characterized the management of this theatre. On the 10th a benefit was given the telegraph strikers by all the labor unions in the city. The play of 'Richelieu' was given, with Couldock as the Cardinal and Miss Couldock as Julie de Mortimer. The house was packed and standing room at a premium. All the parts were well enacted, and the play was highly relished by the large audience. The telegraphers must have netted a handsome sum. 'Louis the XI,' 'Chimney Corner,' 'Willow Copse' and 'Old Phil's Birthday' have been played since my last. For his benefit to-morrow night (14th), Mr. Couldock will appear as Shylock, in the 'Merchant of Venice,' and Penholder, in 'One Touch of Nature.' He will also recite, in character, the poem of 'The Two Vagabonds.' Miss Cappell has not appeared but once or twice during Couldock's stay, but in the part of Patty Probity she was received with great favor. Miss Addie Hubbard has left the company.....Brignoli and troupe will give a sacred concert at the Academy on Sunday, the 23d, on their return trip from San Francisco."

JOHN E. OWENS opened in Vicksburg, Miss., on the 4th inst., in "Everybody's Friend" and "Solon Shingle," to the largest house of the season and the business did not fall off the entire week. Our correspondent says:—"This evening (10th) Mrs. Scott-Siddons opens in 'As You Like It;' 11th, 'Hunchback;' 12th, 'Lady of Lyons;' 13th, 'Ingomar;' 14th, 'King Rene's Daughter,' and 15th, 'Masks and Faces.' Manager Stevens has one of the best stock companies ever seen in our city. The people are perfectly enthusiastic over such stars as Collins, Owens, Mrs. Scott-Siddons and others."

AT THE OPERA HOUSE, Detroit, Mich., Edwin Forrest, supported by Miss Lillie and a full dramatic company, were to open on the 17th for a season of five nights, playing "Richelieu," "Virginius," "Othello," "Jack Cade" and "King Lear." On Jan. 24th, the Richings English Opera Troupe open for six nights and a *matinee*.

MR. HARRY G. CLARKE, with his dramatic company, brought out the "Sea of Ice" at the Opera House, Newark, N. J., on the 15th inst., before a large audience. The piece, says our correspondent, "Rover," "was mounted in an excellent manner, and presented with all the original music. On the 17th 'Colleen Bawn' is to be produced with an excellent cast."

AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Cleveland, O., on the 10th inst., was presented "The Streets of New York," with Frank Mayo in his impersonation of Tom Badger, and which has drawn splendid houses during the week. Our correspondent, "Claude," says:—"Mr. Mayo has been well supported by the company; Miss McKay, as Alida Bloodgood, Emma Salisbury as Lucy, W. H. Power as Mark Livingstone, and Sid. Smith as Paul, being especially deserving of mention."

OF CHICAGO THEATRICALS we are advised up to Jan. 13th by our correspondent, "Amusement," who says:—"At the Opera House Lotta commenced her second week with a full house, in the drama of the 'Little Detective,' which introduced Lotta in six different characters. Her impersonation of the Country Girl, the Old Woman, the Irish Boy, the Fast Young Man and the Dutch Girl, with songs accompanying them, were given in a rollicking manner. She received numerous *encores* and a handsome floral tribute. The play was presented in a spirited manner, and she was well supported. The *role* of Percy Allen was well sustained by Selden Irwin, and J. W. Jennings, the German sharper, with real humor. A. D. Bradley, as the street runner, was pleasing. Kate Claxton, the lady who made her *debut* a week or so ago, also played in the piece and showed signs of improvement. She is one of the most successful *debutantes* that I ever saw in this city, and if I am not in error she will in time make an accomplished actress. She is possessed of a beautiful face and a graceful figure. The farce of 'An Object of Interest' closed the performance, in which Lotta gave a touch of her banjo playing. This evening she appears as Paul in the 'Pet of the Petticoats,' and as Nan. Next (this) week will be presented 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' with Lotta as Topsey.....At McVicker's the Richings' Opera Troupe commenced their second week to a moderate house. It is truly deplorable that this excellent troupe has met with so much bad luck.....At Aiken's Museum 'Little Em'ly' has proved such a genuine success that it will be presented every evening this (past) week. 'Surf' will shortly be revived."

MISS BATEMAN terminated her engagement of one week at the National Theatre, Washington, on the 15th inst. The opening bill, "Leah," was given two nights, the remainder of the week being devoted to the new drama, "Mary Warner," Miss Bateman's impersonation of the self-sacrificing wife in the latter play, says our correspondent, "Novice," "is good. The theatre has been densely crowded at each representation, stools and chairs being brought into requisition and made to serve in every available place and corner. The two pieces were well presented. Miss Bateman received excellent support, notably from Mr. Jordan but the members of the entire company. 'Mary Warner' was placed upon the stage in a most becoming manner, with new scenery and machinery. Mr. Jordan has received flattering notices from the local press. The Sergeant of Police, by Mr. Shields, was a natural piece of acting, and he is deserving of praise. On the 17th Lingard and company commence an engagement, and on the same evening Laura Keene inaugurates a short season as Wall's Opera House, presenting as an opening bill the comedy of 'School.'"

BOSTON was lively the past week in the way of amusements and all the places open are reported to have done a good business. Our correspondent, "Coriolanus," says:—"At the Museum 'Arrah na Pogue' 'came up smiling' for its fourth week, and at present shows no signs of distress. The house is full every night, and the drama bids fair to run for weeks. When it is withdrawn it is to be followed by a season of old standard comedies. .....At Selwyn's 'Midsummer Night's Dream' was given on the 10th, 11th, 12th and 14th, for the last nights, drawing good houses at each performance. This afternoon (15th) is its last representation, and, on the 20th, 'Little Em'ly' is to be presented, 'School' being given on the first three evenings. Mrs. Thomas Barry received her annual benefit on the 14th, presenting the comedy of 'Extremes.' It was produced at the Museum a year or two ago, and had then quite a successful run. Louis Aldrich kindly volunteered to play the part of Frank Forrester, by permission of J. B. Booth, of the Boston Theatre. The drama was followed by the Moriacchi Troupe in a new dance, and the performance closed with the extravaganza of 'Bombastes Furioso.' Stuart Robson, as Bombastes, created considerable merriment, and he was ably assisted in the fun by Messrs. Pearson and Bradford and Kitty Blanchard. Mrs. Barry was called out during the play and loaded with flowers. This afternoon 'Midsummer Night's Dream;' this evening, for benefit of the Moriacchi Troupe, who bid us farewell, 'Extremes' and 'Bombastes Furioso.'.....Charles R. Thorne, Jr., has been released from his engagement by Mr. Selwyn, and will shortly start for San Francisco, where he has been offered a fine position."

J. V. GILBERT'S DRAMATIC COMPANY opened at the Pryor Street Theatre, Atlanta, Ga., on the 12th inst., in "Othello," with A. H. Hastings as the Moor, Wallace Britton as Iago, Mrs. Mary Stevens as Desdemona, and Betty Gray as Emilia.

MOLLIE WILLIAMS, who was married in Chicago, Ill., on the 8th inst., to Billy Manning, is on a wedding tour through the west.

JOHN BROUGHAM is in the third week of his engagement at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, which has so far proved one of the most brilliant played there by any star this season.

THE DEARBORN THEATRE, Chicago, Ill., can be rented from June next. For further particulars address as per advertisement.

SCENERY is advertised to let by A. L. Cooke.

DAVIS & CO., dramatic agents, Cincinnati, O., insert their card in another column.

AT THE BUFFALO ACADEMY OF MUSIC John Collins, the Irish comedian, who has been playing the past week, will be succeeded this week by Edwin Adams, who opens in "Enoch Arden," to be followed by "Hamlet" and "Wild Oats." Mr. Adams is to give a reading before the Young Men's Association, St. James' Hall, on Tuesday afternoon, 18th inst.

KATE FISHER and troupe played "Mazeppa" on Jan. 10th, and "Dick Turpin" 11th, at Corinthian Hall, Rochester, to full houses both nights, under the management of Clinton Eddy.

WILSON AND CLARKE'S Provincial Boston Theatre Company are about closing a season of eight months in St. John's, New Foundland:—This is the first company that has visited the island for fifteen years. Messrs. Wilson and Clarke have re-modeled Fisherman's Hall, making it a comfortable theatre. They leave for Halifax, N. S., on January 6th, to open a winter season of ten weeks in that city; thence to St. John's, N. B., *en route* for the United States.

WILLIAM HOLSTON opened at the Academy of Music, Indianapolis, Ind., on the 10th inst., in "Poor Humanity." Our correspondent, "Anyhow," says:—"During the week he produced 'Miriam's Crime,' 'Daddy Hardacre,' 'Black Sheep' and 'Jack Sheppard.' Mr. Holston came here a stranger, and by his artistic impersonations and his natural style of acting made himself a decided favorite; he is possessed of a good voice and a face full of humorous expression, and he never descends to the vulgar to raise a laugh. In Silas, in 'Miriam's Crime,' is a very clever piece of character acting. His engagement closes on the 15th. The support has been by McVicker's Chicago Company, and it is by far the best we have had this season. Mrs. Myers, Mrs Cowell and Messrs. Wheelock and Hudson deserve special mention. Jos. K. Emmett opens on the 17th, supported by the same company."

MARIETTA RAVEL opens at the Opera House, Troy, N. Y., on the 24th inst., for six nights.

A PRESENTATION.—During the visit of the Gray Combination to Auburn, N. Y., Minnie Gray was presented, on behalf of each member of the company, with a cluster diamond ring. The affair took place on Dec. 31st, at the conclusion of the play of the "Swiss Cottage," when Miss Gray, Mr. Gray and Mr. Fortescue were called before the curtain, when from one of the private boxes sprang Mr. Johnson, the stage manager of the troupe, who said:—"Miss Gray, I arrest you in the name of your company, and demand that you go no further until a settlement has been arrived at." The little woman was at once terrified, but noticing the smile which overspread the face of the speaker, she recovered from her embarrassment, and in a tragic tone of voice bid him "go on." The curtain was then rolled up, when the entire company was disclosed to view, Mr. Johnson in a neat little speech, and in behalf of each and every member of the company the presentation took place.

THE HAVLIN WARSON BURLESQUE TROUPE, having arrived from England during the past week, are at liberty to accept of engagements. See their card elsewhere.

THE LEGISLATURE of California have passed the bill repealing the clause in the Sunday law prohibiting theatrical amusements on the Sabbath. Dramatic performances will be given now every evening of the week.

THE PORTLAND, ME., THEATRE was announced to be opened, on the 17th inst., by a dramatic company, among whom were William Scallan, Jenny Kimball, the Laiseell Brothers and J. Tannenbaum.

MRS. FRANK MORDAUNT continues quite ill at her residence in Brooklyn.

THE OLYMPIC THEATRE, St. Louis, was to open on the 17th inst. with "The Long Strike," introducing full dramatic company, including Kise Holt and Harry Wall.

LAURA KEENE announces the opening of Wall's Opera House, Washington, D. C., on the 17th inst., with "School," introducing her company from the Chestnut street Theatre, Philadelphia.

JOHN P. SMITH plays the Williamses in Newark, N. J., on the 20th inst.

MAGGIE MITCHELL'S engagement in St. Louis, at Ben De Bar's continues quite successful.

THE TOWNSEND FAMILY were in Moravia, N. Y., performing the past week.

Musical.

MRS. EMELINE REED, the soprano of the Church of the Holy Trinity choir, Brooklyn, will give a concert at the Academy of Music on the 20th inst.

H. GRAU'S GERMAN OPERA TROUPE opened in Memphis, Tenn., at the Theatre, on the 10th inst. Our correspondent says:—"They gave for their first performance 'Der Freyschutz,' and announce 'The Magic Flute,' 'La Juive,' 'Robert la Diable,' 'La Dame Blanche,' 'Faust,' 'Martha' and 'Massaniello.' I have seen better acting and heard better voices."

G. RAE, a second violinist, who can play brass, advertises that he can be engaged.

THE ALLEGHANIANS are advertised at Ahrora, Ill., and sing before the college at Monmouth this week. Mr. Galloway's new song, entitled "I'm Eighty-five," excels all his previous efforts. The costuming for the song was gotten up by Taylor, of Liverpool, Eng. It is a marked success.

A BAND of five pieces is wanted for Sam Sanford's Minstrels. Address as per advertisement.

THE PEAK FAMILY BELL RINGERS were in Troy, Ohio, on the 14th, Sidney 15th and Bellefontaine 17th.

E. DELAFIELD DE GROOT informs the profession and the public, through a card in another column, that he has opened a musical purchasing agency, and that he is prepared to supply music and musical instruments of every description.

C. A. BOYD, leader and musical director, advertises that he can be engaged.

THE PAREPA ROSA TROUPE opened at the Boston Theatre on the 10th inst, in "Maritana." Our correspondent "Coriolanus," thus speaks of their performances:—"The opera of Monday evening was a success, the scenery running well, the chorus admirably drilled and perfect in their work, and no wearisome delays. The orchestra was led by Carl Rosa, who in the third act introduced a violin solo for himself, which took with the audience, as he was enthusiastically *encored*. Mad. Rosa's singing is the same delightful treat which we have had formerly in her concerts and in Italian opera. This was her first appearance in Boston in English opera, and the impression she leaves is thoroughly enjoyable. Messrs. Castle and Campbell as Don Cæsar and Don Jose were admirable, both in acting and singing. They were well received on their first entrance by their many friends. The company has been strengthened by Dan Connor, end man and general performer, and 'Cincinnatus,' the song and dance man."

Negro Minstrelsy.

MANAGER HOOLEY continues giving away gold watches and various kinds of valuable jewelry at his minstrel hall in Brooklyn. During the past week he distributed among the patrons of the house gold watches, diamond rings, silver tea sets, etc. Master Booker appears this week and Cool Burgess is in the third week of his engagement. Four burlesque sketches are announced for the current week. Business is very good.

ARLINGTON'S MINSTRELS open at Mozart Hall, Cincinnati, on Monday, 17th; Arlington, Sam Price and Sam Sidney, figure as principal features on the bills.

EMERSON AND MANNING'S MINSTRELS continue to attract crowded audiences to the Dearborn street Theatre, Chicago. Our correspondent, "Amusement," under date of Jan. 13th, says:—"An amusing farce was given, in which Emerson, Howard and company gave us some rare comicalities. Bob Hart occupies the end this week. Billy Manning has gone to St. Louis to spend his honeymoon."

ALLEN, PETTINGILL, DELEHANTY AND HENGLER'S MINSTRELS open at the Olympic, Boston, on the 31st inst., under the management of John Stetson.

HAYES AND CLARK, Ethiopian comedians, are engaged at Marsdorf's Varieties, Reading, Pa., where they can be addressed.

NEWCOMB'S MINSTRELS will be at the Metropolitan Hall, Indianapolis, on the 24th and 25th inst.

SKIFF AND WHEELER'S MINSTRELS play in Chicago, Ill., on the 27th inst., and continue three nights.

Variety Halls.

WRIGHT'S VARIETIES, late Dudley Hall, Lynchburg, Va., was opened on Jan. 10th, with Tim Morris on the tambourine end; Johnny Harris bones; Rosa Vollandt, Millie Coleman, W. H. Ridwell and Charles Melville in the company.

LADIES that can sing and dance are wanted for the variety business by Davis and Company, who advertise.

THE PARIS VARIETIES is the name of a new place opened in Toledo, Ohio, on Christmas night, by Billy Ashe. The company is composed of the following persons:—Stage manager, Johnny Davenport; T. H. Hollis, Charles Mayett, John Lee, Master Orrin Hollis and Ella and Emmia Dormer. The admission is free and the company have met with success.....N. B. Shimer, of the International Theatre Comique, had a rousing benefit on the 6th.

MLLE. WESMAEL, star *danseuse*, advertises that she can be engaged.

THE PALACE VARIETIES, Toledo, Ohio, opened Christmas. Our correspondent "Local" says:—"This establishment has opened under the management of John Davenport, the clown, and is doing a good business. The admission is free. The following people are engaged:—The Dormer Sisters, Annie Florence, Tom Hollis, John Davenport and Miss Bonnie Emerson.....At the International the price has been reduced from 25 cents to 15. The following are the people:—Nicola Norton, Stage manager and Dutch comedian. Jennie Eagan, *danseuse*; Josie Faram, *danseuse*; Millie Basoure, vocalist; Kate Hunter, *danseuse*; Charles Bartine, vocalist and Ethiopian Comedian.—Van Chapin, an old-time favorite, and N. B. Shimer. The company are doing a good business and give a good entertainment."

MARSDORF'S VARIETIES, Reading, Pennsylvania, is in need of talent. Address the manager as per advertisement.

THE NEW CARDS at Trimble's Varieties, Pittsburgh, Pa., the past week, were Harry Watson, Lizzie Sherman and Maggie Fielding. Our correspondent, "J. E.," says:—"Harry Watson is a clever character vocalist and song and dance performer. Lizzie Sherman dresses well, and her vocalization has considerably improved since her engagement last season. Maggie Fielding is as much of a favorite here as she was at the Pittsburgh Theatre a few weeks since. An excellent programme is presented this week."

BROOM'S VARIETIES, Memphis, Tenn., is reported to be doing well. Our correspondent says:—"Ben Mason takes the stage management on the 12th, as Charley White and Charley Broom have formed a company and partnership and start on a tour. They show at Jackson, Miss., on the 13th. The party consists of H. A. Kincade and sons, Kate Clair, Sig. Frances, Billy Diamond, D. Donaldson, Paul Snyder, Prof. Williams, W. B. Fish, Patsy Bolivar and Charley O. White."

PRESENTATION.—On Jan. 8th, Andy Hughes, Indian Club swinger, was presented with a handsome set of Indian clubs by his Philadelphia friends.

ADAH RICHMOND, vocalist, now at Fox's American Theatre, Philadelphia, was presented on Jan. 11th with a handsome set of diamonds.

HERR HOLTUM, the cannon ball performer, continues at the Metropolitan, Washington. Our correspondent, "Novice," says:—"He has added several wonderful feats to his performance. His Indian club act is remarkably well done. He has invented a cannon which will throw a 24 pound ball, which he intends to create a sensation with at an early day. The performance with the gun will consist of his catching the ball while standing at a distance of 15 feet. Adela St. Clair, vocalist, commenced on the 10th."

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Detroit, Mich., says our correspondent, "Frank," "business has been very fair the past week, considering the very stormy weather. The regular winter season closed on the 18th. Manager Welch takes a benefit on the 17th, Dan Morris one on the 19th and Billy Allen one on the 22d inst. The place will remain closed for a few weeks, and in the meantime Mr. Welch goes to New York to engage new attractions."

FRED KINGSLEY, Dutch comedian, opened at Ward's Opera House, Rochester, N. Y., on the 12th inst.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Cleveland, O., the Leon Brothers have made a hit. On the 14th Alberti took a benefit, on which occasion Billy Gray volunteered and was well received. The Whiting Sisters are now in this company in addition to the old faces.

THE VARIETY BUSINESS in Boston continues big at the Howard Athenæum, and the Theatre Comique. Says our correspondent, "Coriolanus":—"The Howard still gives 'Sinbad the Sailor,' and the Rizarelli Brothers, Carleton, the Irish singer, John Wild, the Ethiopian comedian, Prof. Dodd, with his performing dogs 'Lily' and 'Sport,' and James Budworth in his Dutch songs and dances, are the regular attractions. The management have in active preparation a startling novelty, in which Josh Hart will make his first appearance this season..... At the Adelphi Ada Wray has appeared with her banjo solos, the Reynolds Brothers in their negro songs and dances, and Walter Brown, the oarsman, has exhibited his muscular power with the Indian clubs, etc. The 'Champagne Ballet' has been united to 'Shoo Fly' Ballet. Jennie Benson, Mr. and Mrs. Brennan, Gus Williams, D. L. Morris, and the Lauri Troupe remain. Geraldine Warden and C. E. Collins appear on the 17th"

THE HANLON COMBINATION opened at the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, Md., on the 10th inst. Our correspondent "Don Juan" says:—"They created a perfect *furore*. They first appeared in the trick performance 'Le Chapeau Magique,' in which they displayed considerable dexterity and comic humor. The *pas* Africaine by the little Midgets in burnt cork, elicited great laughter and a recall. The 'Great Act' invented by William Hanlon and performed by Alfred and Fred Hanlon and little Bob, was gazed upon by the densely thronged audience with emotions of surprise and awe. An elaborate display of network and tackling is used as a precautionary measure against accident. The triple patterre by the three Midgets, Julian, Victor, and little Bob, displayed gymnastic efforts that were truly wonderful in such boyish performers, but not more so than their posturings and tumbling. The pantomime of 'Mischief Mad' by the entire combination, was a most enjoyable entertainment and evoked shouts of laughter. On this evening (14th, Ladies' night) little Bob takes a benefit, and the Hanlons will also appear at the *matinee* on Saturday and close their engagement on the same evening."

VARIETY TALENT is wanted for the Academy of Music, Nashville, Tenn. Address as per advertisement.

JAMES MAAS, Dutch song and dance man, and Gussie Crayton, song and dance lady, vocalist and comedienne, are performing at the Academy of Music, Nashville, Tennessee.

THE OLYMPIC, Brooklyn, continues to give a variety entertainment. Among the fresh attractions offered for the current week are Harry Curr, John Denier, Dick Sands, Prof. Nickle and Maggie Willet.

OUR CINCINNATI CORRESPONDENT writes as follows on the 14th instant:—"At the Race Street Theatre Tim Hayes, who claims to be the champion clog dancer, put in an appearance this week. Nellie Taylor, the balladist, also appeared for two nights at the close of last week. She is in the city still, but is reported sick, and will probably re-appear when able. Kate Taylor has been doing a song and dance, 'The Gallus Boy,' this week. The 'Ancient Old Folks' is still on, and has had a burlesque *ballet* tacked on it, entitled 'Shoo Fly,' which isn't, however, the minstrel act of that name by any means. The proprietor of this hall was arrested at the close of last week, on the charge of exhibiting an immoral entertainment, but, upon his promise to drop the objectionable Can-can, the prosecution was dropped. The wind-up this week has been 'Paris by Moonlight,' which is just about the Can-can, shorn of its most glaring vulgarisms. Gussie Lamereaux and Oscar Willis are still in the company and take well. Tim Hayes, besides his clogs, does the 'Dublin Dancing Master' very cleverly.....At the Fourth street Theatre, Lulu Wharton, who has been playing for some time back in Memphis and Nashville, opened on Monday night. She sang a ballad in the first part and danced a Spanish dance in the olio, and also a double act with Signora Arnolita. Madame Adams has the solo, 'Take Me Home,' in good style. Lew Cavanna, the new end man, has taken well; his song and dance is far better than the general run. The wind-up is 'Shoo Fly,' a local piece on the Can-can order, written by Harry Alberts, the stage manager. The classical groupings by Arnolds, Ella Wilson and Lulu Wharton, which were a feature of the late Can can, are introduced in this.....To-morrow, (Saturday,) the Grand opens at 174 Race street, called the Alhambra. It is directly underneath the Race Street Theatre, and next door to Ohmer's Museum. Competition promises to be refreshingly active in that quarter. A neat stage, with scenery and curtain, has been fitted up. John Ryan is proprietor; Harry Wood, stage manager and baritone singer, and H. Layman, musical director. Johnnie Weaver and Harry Wilkerson are to be end men and Marsh Adams, middle man. The others will consist of May Gifford, *danseuse*; Millie Augusta, *danseuse*; Florence Paris, balladist, and Johnnie Connor. Although not strong in numbers, the company is a fair one for an opening night..... At the Academy of Music, on Sixth street, Tim Woodruff and Harry Wilkinson are on the tambo and bones ends respectively, and George Morgan, Johnny Whalen, Lester Wallack, Minnie Emerson, Emma Harrel and Lida Florence compose the rest of the company, which has been radically changed since last report.....Charley Bartine and Millie Basoure went to Toledo this week. They are each very good in their lines.....At Ohmer's Museum, Prof. Everett, magician, has been the feature this week.....P. H. Seamon, the ventriloquist, who is also a good general performer, was to the Terre Haute (Ind.) Varieties at the opening of the week."

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Nashville, is now the only place open there. The Victorelli Brothers, William, Henry and John, opened Jan. 31, and although well advertised and announced as the superiors of the Hanlons, did not draw, says a correspondent, who adds:—"I have seen better trapeze and bar performers, still they are clever and would please the audience better if they gave a more varied performance. This (past) week they only do their trapeze act of five minutes' duration, and Harry does a single act on the rings. The company has been strengthened by Dan Connor, end man and general performer, and 'Cincinnatus,' the song and dance man."

Circuses.

BILLY JACOBS, with the John Robinson Circus and Menagerie, was shot dead in a small town in lower Florida, on Jan. 18th, by a fakir known in the profession as "Scotia." The shooting is said to have been accidental. His right name is Burns and his relatives reside in Cincinnati, to which place his body will be conveyed for interment. He traveled with S. S. Sanford years ago as Master White. With the John Robinson show he rode in the entree and performed in the concert show.

MRS. WARNER'S CIRCUS, in Philadelphia, is strengthened this week by the appearance of Carlotta De Berg, James E. Cook and Frank Whittaker.

BEN BROWN joins John Robinson's Circus at Tallahasse, Fla., this week.

G. G. GRADY'S CIRCUS pitched tent at Hawkinsville, Ga., on Jan. 5th, and did well there. Mad. Marie Macarte, J. Johnson, Charles Covelli, G. H. Grady, the Burdeau Brothers, Millie Marietta, Mrs. G. G. Grady, O'Neal and Dan Rhodes, are in the party. On Dec. 15th Dan Rhodes was stabbed in the right side after the night show.

THE JAMES ROBINSON CIRCUS closed its season last week at the National Theatre, Cincinnati. Our correspondent writes:—"Biz. slackened down and they have been losing all the week. Two gentlemen who had been in charge when the concern came here from Louisville, Messrs. A. Robinson and W. A. Monahan, fearing they might be arrested for debt, fled away at the close of last week and were next heard from in Memphis. They claim that Mr. Mike Lipman, who was associated with them, had engaged to pay the advertising bills and printing. Mr. Lipman denies this. The circus has been run this week by R. E. J. Mills, the manager of the theatre. But the circumstances of the company having been published by the city papers, the opinion got out that the circus was but a mountebank affair and there has been but a bleak looking house each evening this week. It is but just to record that the circus itself is one of the very best that has ever visited this city. The artists associated together are all first class. They will probably disband here, as this burgh was looked upon as a last resort, after their unsuccessful season in Louisville and Chicago. The regular theatrical season recommences next week. To-night (Friday) is set apart for the benefit of Mike Lipman.....The body of William Lake, who was killed in Missouri last summer, was interred in 'Spring Grove' cemetery, Cincinnati, on the 13th, his funeral being largely attended by Odd Fellows and friends. Mr. Lake's full name was William Lake Thatcher. He was one of the finest showmen in the country, having been in the business forty-three years. He was born in Burlington, Maryland, Sept. 25th, 1817, and was about fifty-two years old at his death. A suit is now pending in the Probate Court of Cincinnati, in relation to the custody of a young boy rider, performing under the name of "Young Bill Lake," but whose real name is William C. Dale. The boy's mother wishes him to remain with Mrs. Lake, but his present guardian has interposed to be favorable to John Robinson. An application has been made to the court to vacate the guardianship, but the matter has not yet come to a hearing.

MRS. CHARLES WARNER, the well known *equestrienne*, with her dancing horse "Champion," can be engaged for the coming season. See advertisement for her address.

GEO. S. COLE advertises for a concert privilege with a good show going west.

AUGUSTUS CONAWAY has a quantity of circus property for sale. His address is in another column.

CHAS. W. FISH, bareback rider, advertises that he can be engaged.

CHAS. ABBOTT, clown, is prepared to make engagements for the tenting season. Address as per advertisement.

Miscellaneous.

EMMA WEBB, who is at present in California delivering lectures taking a direct opposition in her sentiments to all the lady champions of "Women's Rights," having been challenged to a debate by Laura de Force Gordon, of the Anna Dickinson order, Emma talks back as follows:—"Should an opportunity present itself prior to my departure from this city, or subsequent to the date named, I will most cheerfully gratify her in her ardent desire to discuss a subject that has already been ventilated by such powerful advocates as Miss Susan B. Anthony, Anna Dickinson and others, forgetting, in their zeal, the terrible satire on all masculine women in the history of the fighting Amazon women, who, we are told, were in the habit of searing their right breast to make it perish, so that it would not be in the way of the arm that wished to wield a sword. Even so it is with all women who invade the natural precincts of man; they must sacrifice some of their natural attributes and charms by which God has distinguished between the sex."

THE BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC has proved a paying institution. The stockholders held their annual meeting on the 4th inst. From the report of the financial committee it appeared the receipts for the year 1869 were $28,892; expenses, $23,947. The following named directors were elected to fill the offices of those whose terms had expired:—Wm. M. Richards, Robert R. Raymond, John Greenwood, Seymour L. Husted, John Bullard.

CHARLES VANDENHOFF, late of Selwyn's Theatre, Boston, gives a reading in Providence, R. I., on the 18th inst.

AN ENTERTAINMENT that will fill up from ten to thirty minutes is advertised for.

PROF. EVERETT opened in Spamokin, Pa., on the 10th inst., and was to go thence to Mahony City, on the 17th, for one week.

MOUNTAIN HALL, Augusta, Me., is advertised to rent. It is a new hall and will seat about one thousand persons.

JAMES HEYWOOD'S PANORAMA of the "Streets of New York" was exhibited at Augusta, Me., on the 8th inst.

PHIL. WERTZ & BRO., bill posters, Springfield, Ill., insert their card in another column.

ULMAN'S OPERA HOUSE, Williamsport, Pa., which will seat about fifteen hundred persons and has scenery, etc., can be rented through the proprietor. See advertisement.

CHANG, the Chinese giant, was on exhibition in Detroit, Mich., the past week. He closed on the 15th and was to go thence on a trip through the state.

BILLY PASTOR'S COMBINATION will be in Huntingdon, Pa., on the 20th, and Harrisburg 21st.

ANNA DICKINSON gave her new lecture, "Down Breaks," at the Opera House, Newark, N. J., on the 14th inst., before a crowded audience.

PROF. ANDRUS is traveling through New York state giving entertainments. He was at Pleasant Valley on the 15th inst.

JACKSON HALL, Jackson, Mich., owned by Mr. Jackson, which was totally destroyed by fire on Nov. 30th, is to be re-built.

OLIVE LOGAN lectured in Jackson, Mich., on the 15th instant.

PROFESSOR SANFORD, of Marshalltown, Iowa, has been giving his lecture on his European Travels and the "Holy Land."

THE BAKER FAMILY were announced at Savannah, Ill., January 10th.

A NEW OPERA HOUSE has been built at Sterling, Ill. It has dress circle, parquet, stage with foot lights, drop curtain, etc. It is called Farwell Hall.

THE ZANFRETTA AND SEIGREST COMBINATION, consisting of Marietta Zanfretta, Prof. Seigrest, Master Georgie Seigrest, Little Louis, Little Tommy, James Ward, Conchita Ronsata, Jule Keen, Masters Collins and Allison, the Hertzog Brothers, George Stempie and Homer Davis, were at Ithica, N. Y., on the 14th, and were to go thence to Binghamton, Cortland, Rochester and Syracuse.

BILLY PASTOR'S COMBINATION appeared in Circleville, Ohio, on the 10th inst., to a large house. Johnny Judge, banjoist, joined them there.

THE WESTERN WEATHERSTRIP COMPANY advertise that they want to purchase a stereopticon, with views and a telescope.

GOSHEN, the giant, appears at Barnell's Museum, Pittsburgh, on Feb. 1st.

P. E. AREL, the theatrical book publisher, of Philadelphia, has lately issued a pamphlet entitled "The Autograph of William Shakespeare," with *fac similes* of his signature, with four thousand ways of spelling the name according to English orthography, by Geo. Wise. It is printed on surface-tinted paper, with large, clear type.

BULLARD'S PANORAMA OF NEW YORK was unrolled in Norfolk, Va., on the 12th, for the balance of the week, and was to be exhibited in Portsmouth on the 17th, for two nights.

WISEMAN, the magician, assisted by his wife, gave entertainments on the 12th and 13th inst., at Odd Fellows' Hall, Washington, D. C.

HERMAN was at Library Hall, Chicago, the past week. He is on his way to California.

A PANORAMA is advertised for sale by Costumer.

THE CARTER FUND.—We beg to acknowledge the receipt of five dollars from J. Jay Watson towards the J. Hencage Carter relief fund.

JOHN B. GOUGH gave a lecture on Temperance, at Pike's Music Hall, Cincinnati, on the 13th, and a second, on "Circumstances," on the 15th inst., to very good audiences.

GEORGE KENNAN, who was an *attaché* of the Russian-American Telegraph Company, delivered an interesting lecture upon his Arctic experience, at Pike's Hall, Cincinnati, January 7th, and at Franklin Library Hall, Covington, Ky., on the 11th.

G. B. STEBBINS lectured on "Protection," at Pike's Hall, Cincinnati, on the 14th.

THE LYCEUM HALL, Richmond, Ind., has scenery and will seat about twelve hundred persons. See advertisement.

THE CONTINENTAL HALL, Greenpoint, L. I., can be rented for balls, entertainments, &c., through C. Etheridge, whose address is in another column.

A SIDE SHOW is advertised for sale in another part of this paper.

Amateur.

LORD AND WILSON'S Amateur Company, of Haverhill, Mass., gave their initial performances on the 10th and 11th inst., presenting "Therese" and "Mischievous Nigger," with Frank R. Lord as Carwin, and Blanche DeVarena as Therese. On the 11th "Warlock of the Glen" and "Yankee Peddler" were given, with Lord as the Warlock.

THE AMATEUR ASSOCIATIONS OF NEW YORK.—As we are frequently asked by parties who desire to join dramatic associations meet in this city, and how they can become members, we have procured a complete list of all that are at present organized in this city, with full particulars; so if any of our readers are anxious to "join in" they can accomplish their desires by making personal application to the stage managers as given below:—The New York Dramatic Association meets every Saturday evening at Mitchell's Hall, 105 Bowery. William Watson is President; G. D. Bailey, Secretary; J. C. Richmond, Treasurer. Address Stage Manager, care Military Hall. The American Dramatic Association meets every Saturday evening at Dramatic Hall, 46 East Houston street; John C. Brogan, President; James H. Hart, Treasurer; J. Goodwin, Secretary. Address J. H. Hart, 53 Pike street. The O. U. Dramatic Club meet every Saturday evening at 58 East Houston street. Chas. E. Morse, President; H. Gale, Secretary; John Wall, Treasurer. Address J. T. R. Adams, Stage Manager, at the above place. None of the clubs have any regular nights for performing. When they make up their minds to give a performance, they select their pieces, secure the hall, and each member is assessed according to the importance of the part he is cast for.

THE RIKEMAN TESTIMONIAL.—A performance for the benefit of Mrs. Rikeman was given on the 11th inst., at Dramatic Hall, this city. "Box and Cox" and

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

FOR THEATRICAL, or other Advertisements com'g under the head of AMUSEMENTS, *fifteen cents per line* for each and every insertion.
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FOR NOTICES—to be incorporated in our News Departments—such as extracts from other papers, etc., *forty cents per line*, the same notice not to be inserted more than once.
IN OUR LEADED OR EDITORIAL COLUMNS nothing of a paid character can appear, as we reserve that space for a free and independent expression of our own opinions.
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ADVERTISEMENTS should be sent in by noon on Mondays, at latest, to ensure their appearance in that week's issue.
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FRANK QUEEN,
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Nos. 83 and 90 Centre street
Cor. Leonard, New York.

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NOTICE
TO CIRCUS MANAGERS.
GEORGE WAMBOLD, CONTORTIONIST,
with his wonderful troupe of Eight Performing Dogs, can be engaged for the coming tenting season. Address
49-3t* GEO. WAMBOLD, 528 Owen street, Phila., Pa.

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Open every night with a first-class variety company. Lady Vocalists and Dancers wanted; must be good dressers. Apply as above, stating lowest salary. THOS. HAYWOOD, Stage Manager. Silence a negative. 49-4t*

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WITH FOUR NICE RING HORSES,
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CORK, DRAMATIC AND VARIETY AGENCY,
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Something that has long been needed in the Quaker City.
A CARD TO MANAGERS.
You will do well by calling on or addressing me before going elsewhere. Being a performer of seventeen years' experience I am pretty well posted in regard to the ability of professionals.
Performers wishing good engagements will please send names, business and salary list immediately. Booking fee $3.
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For Bill Posting address Grant, Ellios & Co., P. O. Box 219. 48-13t*

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ANNIE LONSDALE is ready to negotiate with managers for six or twelve nights. Legitimate comedy, new personation pieces, French and English songs, recitations, &c. (40-6t*) Address CLIPPER office.

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are at present traveling with
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in the south. 49-3t*

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LIVING CURIOSITIES, to appear in Baltimore for short engagements. Address, with photograph, stating terms, whether they furnish their own paintings or not, &c.
40-6t* DEAN LEWIS, Baltimore, Md.

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No corporation tax or town license required. Terms, $16 each night, or two nights for $28. Will seat 500 persons.
46-13t* JOHN CLIFTON, Proprietor.

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THIS IS NO HUMBUG AFFAIR;
and we wish any one wishing to travel, and make money, to investigate thoroughly as to its merits or its success.
40-3t* S. H. HAYWARD, Cleveland, O.

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T. E. COWAN.....Proprietor
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DIMENSIONS OF ROOM—90 ft. long, 30 ft. wide, 10 ft. from floor to ceiling. Seats 500 persons.
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SEATS 981 PERSONS.
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FOOT AND BORDER LIGHTS,
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I will give from $50 to $200 to any Concert, Minstrel or Theatrical Troupe of known ability for a single performance, or rent the place upon reasonable terms. W. C. FORRESTER, Proprietor.
All engagement letters to be addressed to
39-13t* JACOB SEIPLE, Elizabeth, N. J.

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The most magnificent collection of Conjuring Tricks and Magical Apparatus ever in the United States for Amateurs and Professors. The great st novelties in the magic art, many of the extraordinary tricks never having been seen before in any part of the world.
Everything ready for immediate use, and the price to professionals about ONE HALF what has hitherto been charged in this country. Will be ready in a few days, a most
BEAUTIFUL BOOK CATLOGUE,
with illustrations of all the principal tricks, and each fully described, with price, &c. Will be sent free on receipt of Twenty cents. 39-tf

CIRCUS PROFESSION.
First class artists desiring engagements may apply by letter or otherwise to "MANAGER" of the Great Champion Circus, Lenox and Chilton Hall streets, Phila.
stating line of business and lowest salary—silence a negative. (36-13t*

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HENRY C. DOBSON'S GREAT PATENT PARLOR AND STAGE BANJOS—the loudest and sweetest toned Banjo in the world. No. 1—Rosewood, beautifully polished, twenty inner screws, transparent head, Italian strings, silver tail piece, etc.; price, $20. Presentation Banjos $30, $35 and $75. My new Banjo Instruction will teach you to play perfectly without a master; price, $5. Banjo and Book sent C. O. D. to all parts of the United States.
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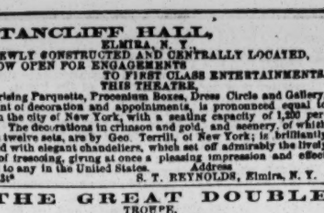

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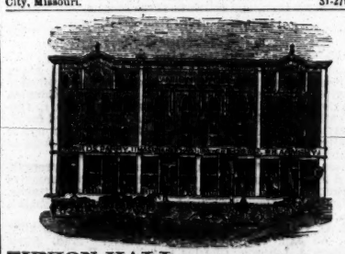

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